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ARTS

published by the Art Digest, Inc.



Homage to Marsden Hartley

THE PAINTER FROM MAINE — Gorham Munson

HARTLEY AND MODERN PAINTING — Hilton Kramer

Surrealist Events in New York

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Contributors

Gorham Munson is an editor and author. His most recent book, *Penobscot: Down East Paradise*, is a study of the Maine coastal region in which Marsden Hartley and John Marin did some of their most important work. Mr. Munson is currently writing a memoir of the literary 1920's.

Joseph C. Sloane, director of the William Hayes Ackland Memorial Art Center at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, is the author of *French Painting: Between the*

Features

Nationwide Exhibitions

Bacchiacca at the Baltimore Museum (page 18); recent acquisitions at Yale (page 19); the James Thrall Soby collection at Knoedler's (page 28); Latin American art in Boston (page 30).

20 A Style for the Times BY JOSEPH C. SLOANE

Wylie Sypher takes a dim view of mankind's future as he surveys the stylistic developments in the arts and literature of the past century and a half.

22 Surrealist Events BY JERROLD LANES

Marcel Jean's book and the D'Arcy Galleries' show call fresh attention to one of the major literary and/or artistic movements of our period.

32 Hartley: The Painter from Maine BY GORHAM MUNSON

Describing a full circle, Hartley's life led him through France, Germany, the Far West, then back to the source of his native strength.

42 Hartley and Modern Painting BY HILTON KRAMER

After turning his back on the modern adventure, he devoted the last decade of his life to an art that closed the gap between style and experience.

Departments

7 Letters

9 Auctions

10 People in the Arts

12 The Classics BY CREIGHTON GILBERT

The Cleveland Zúbarán and Williamstown's "Rembrandt"; a new museum for Santa Barbara; Algardi in Minneapolis; the Baroque and its "arrival."

15 Nationwide Reviews

West Coast confronts New York in Santa Barbara, by Charles S. Kessler.

16 London BY ALAN BOWNNESS

A decade of Moore's work at the Whitechapel Gallery; his postwar, public style; other sculpture shows.

46 Month in Review BY SIDNEY TILLIM

A Brancusi survey at the Staempfli Gallery; Leland Bell's search for "reality"; the Dubuffet retrospective at Cordier-Warren.

50 In the Galleries

64 Where To Show

66 Calendar of Exhibitions

Past and the Present. He contributed "The Art of Impressionism" to *Arts Yearbook 2*.

Jerrold Lanes has written for *The Nation*, *Kenyon Review* and *The Saturday Review*. ARTS readers will recall his September "Spain in the Swim," which reviews recent New York exhibitions of modernist Spanish art.

On the Cover

Marsden Hartley, *Portrait of Albert Pinkham Ryder* (1938-39); collection Mr. and

Mrs. Milton Lowenthal. See "Homage to Marsden Hartley," pages 32-45, comprising essays by Gorham Munson and Hilton Kramer.

Forthcoming

Robert Goldwater writes about the Mark Rothko exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art . . . Donald Sutherland surveys recent developments in the criticism of Greek sculpture . . . Edouard Roditi interviews Max Ernst on the occasion of his retrospective exhibition in New York . . .

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Reservations may be made by sending \$100.00 down payment to Katherine Nash, Route 3, Excelsior, Minnesota, or to your Regional Representative. Checks should be made payable to Artists Equity Association, Inc. There are only 140 spaces available. Many reservations have already been made. If you are interested, reserve at once.

The booklets on "Income Taxes for Artists," "Death and Taxes" (inheritance taxes), and the "Calendar of Open Exhibitions for 1961" are now available for members, free of charge. Non-members may purchase these from the national office.

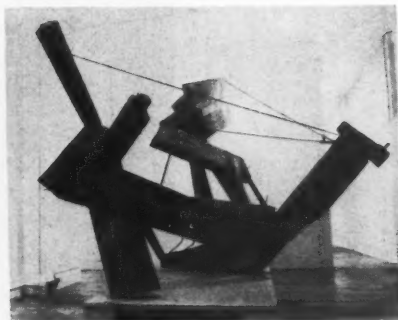
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LETTERS



Photograph of slum demolition.



Di Suvero, *Che Faro senza Euridice*.

Mark di Suvero

To the Editor:

I know that no spark of wit has ever been permitted to grace the solemn tone of ARTS, but Mr. Geist's article on the *objects trouvés* of Mr. Di Suvero in the December issue at least provided a rare touch of unintentional merriment.

Mr. Geist had not been moved as much by any sculpture since 1933. This suggests that he has been spending the past twenty-seven years at chic Manhattan cocktail parties and gallery openings. Both artists and writers should occasionally expose themselves to the *Zeitgeist* outside these parochial circles. If Mr. Geist is thrilled by lumber scraps he can experience these sensations any day by taking a walk through back alleys, junk yards and town dumps.

The enclosed photograph was not staged for your benefit put picked from a file on slums.

JOHN MAASS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MR. GEIST COMMENTS:

Artists are expected to "say" something, even critics are supposed to say something, and I see no reason why letter writers shouldn't say something. I find that Mr. Maass says nothing, resorting as he does to inference and innuendo. The closest he gets to saying anything is an imputation about how I've spent the last twenty-seven years. Let me put him straight.

I have spent the last twenty-seven years making sculpture, looking at it, reading and thinking about it, and, in the past eight years, occasionally writing about it and teaching. There have been in this time no lapses from this way of life except for a period in the Army during which I spent 1944-45 moving slowly across Europe and gaining much firsthand experience in rubble and ruins. I happen to live in a section of lower Manhattan where a great deal of demolition and construction is in progress. Come to think of it, what with my long experience in both rubble and sculpture, I'm probably one of the foremost authorities on their difference and their effect on each other.

I don't go to cocktail parties.

SIDNEY GEIST

New York City

Hyde Solomon

To the Editor:

I am asking for space in your Letters column to protest Mr. Sidney Tillim's review [December, "Month in Review"] of Hyde Solomon's show held at the Poindexter Gallery November 21 to December 10, 1960. I am the fortunate owner of three of Solomon's paintings, one of which was painted

after your issue of November, 1958, which devoted six pages to Solomon's work and included the following sentence as summing-up: "He might be termed a painter's painter—that is, he possesses the soundness and subtle mastery which a painter's eye most readily distinguishes, a cleanliness or lack of superficial faddishness which the painter is the first to recognize." My own picture—perhaps Hyde Solomon is also a writer's painter—has been a source of joy to me since I acquired it. It bears, moreover, a clear relationship to the paintings exhibited recently at the Poindexter Gallery.

Is ARTS, through the Tillim review, repudiating the six pages it devoted to Hyde Solomon's work two years ago? Does it refuse any responsibility to the artists it chooses, at one time or another, to select as outstanding? And does it give any sort of damn about English syntax? "... they [Solomon's paintings] bring with them the recognition," writes Mr. Tillim, "that Solomon, by depending on the animus of Abstract Expressionism while it was running its course, stood to experience its loss of momentum as it became the style of the *status quo*. At this point, when his basic strengths should rush to his support, they show only disheartening efforts either to save face or cover up." I think we can all agree that Mr. Tillim expects a good deal of anyone's basic strengths.

But couldn't we also agree that a critic, always free to like or dislike the work before him, should be literate and objective? In the semantic jungle before me there is the distinct implication that Hyde Solomon is painting to sell, at the cost of his integrity. Hyde Solomon has been my good friend for eleven years, and I have never known any artist, in music, letters or painting, with a higher degree of integrity, honesty and devotion to the best work of which he is capable. Mr. Tillim's suggestion is beneath contempt.

MARJORIE FISCHER

New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: While Mr. Tillim's critique of the Solomon exhibition did suggest very emphatically that Abstract Expressionism had exercised an influence on what the artist felt was possible for a contemporary style in painting, this suggestion was solely concerned with the artist's aesthetic decisions and did not deal, directly or by implication, with commercial considerations. The idea that commercial ambitions were involved is Miss Fischer's contribution to the discussion, not Mr. Tillim's. As a distinguished novelist herself, Miss Fischer is surely not unaware of the fact that serious artists like Mr. Solomon make decisions about their work out of a sense of what is possible in the aesthetic sphere that have nothing to do with any guesswork about eventual sales.

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paintings

THROUGH FEBRUARY 11

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THROUGH FEBRUARY 18

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SALES AUCTIONS



Léger's *Etude pour New York* and Rivera's *Portrait of an Engraver*; in Parke-Bernet sale of February 16.

Paintings from Barbee Collection in Parke-Bernet Sale

MODERN paintings and drawings from the collection of Stanley N. Barbee and from other owners will be sold at public auction on February 16 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York.

Predominantly French and American, the works include paintings and drawings by André Masson; two Léger abstractions acquired from the artist; a fine drawing, *The Couple*, by Lipchitz, from the collection of Marsden Hartley; and a Segonzac ink landscape. Outstanding is a group of water colors by Demuth, as well as a Rivera pencil *Head of an Engraver*, the latter formerly in the John S. Newberry collection and exhibited at the Fogg Museum of Art and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Also included are works by Darrel Austin, Ludwig Bemelmans, Adolph Gottlieb, Dong Kingman, Walt Kuhn, Grandma Moses, Motherwell, Soyer, Nino Caffé, Jean Dufy, Edvard Munch, Mané Katz, Laurencin and others.

Works in the February 16 sale will be on public exhibition beginning February 11 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue.

Christie's Release Review of Their 1960 Auction Season

CHRISTIE'S of London have released their survey of sales for 1960, revealing a turnover of £3,700,000 (\$10,360,000), an increase of £1,000,000 (\$2,800,000) compared with 1959.

Outstanding in the firm's season was the old-master sale of April 1, featuring part of the collection of Dr. N. J. van Aalst, of Holland, which brought a total of £307,718 (\$923,154). In this sale a Fabritius *Portrait of Rembrandt* brought \$42,000; Salomon Ruysdael's *The Ferry*, \$45,000; and a Magnasco *Wooded Landscape*, \$30,000.

In the field of modern art, the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist sale of May 20 brought a number of noteworthy prices. Henri Matisse's early *La Leçon de Peinture* was sold for \$60,000; Bonnard's *La Ferme à Vernon*, \$40,500; Renoir's portrait of *Alice George Vallière*, \$34,500. The Impressionist and Post-Impressionist sale totaled \$657,600.

AUCTION CALENDAR

February 3 & 4, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English, French and Italian furniture and decorations belonging to Mrs. Russell A. McKinnon, Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein and other owners. Exhibition now.

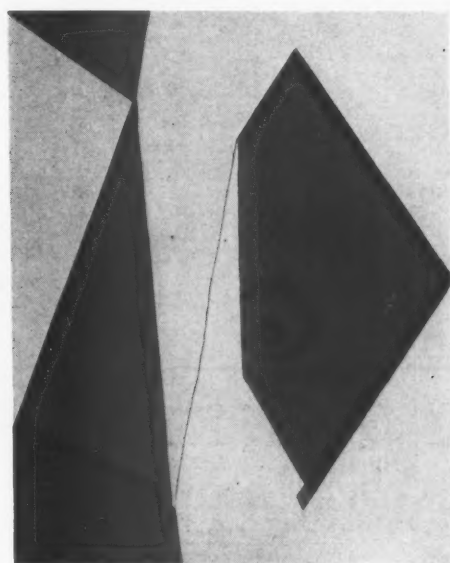
February 10 & 11, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American and English furniture and decorations, the property of Philip Peckerman and other owners. American and English eighteenth-century furniture, including a Queen Anne armchair, inlaid walnut highboy and walnut lowboy; a mahogany and satinwood three-pedestal extension dining table and a Chippendale carved mahogany drop-leaf dining table with claw-and-ball feet; and a Chippendale finely carved mahogany tilting-top tripod table. Other cate-

gories comprise a group of portraits and other paintings and drawings, blue Staffordshire historical ware, Oriental and hooked rugs. Exhibition from February 4.

February 16, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American, French and other modern paintings and drawings, property of Stanley N. Barbee and other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from February 11.

February 18, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture, decorations, from various sources. Exhibition from February 11.

February 21 & 22 (tentative), at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American and other historical, literary and musical autographs, from the collections of Charles Hamilton and other owners. Exhibition from February 15 (tentative).



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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



J. Johnson Sweeney



G. David Thompson



Forrest H. Selvig



George D. Culler

Mr. S. I. Morris, Jr., president of the board of trustees of the **Museum of Fine Arts of Houston**, Texas, has announced the appointment of **James Johnson Sweeney** (above) as director of the Museum. Mr. Sweeney, formerly director of the Guggenheim Museum in New York City, will work with the trustees of the museum in a program directed toward building the museum into an art center with a vigorous creative program. The museum is the site of the recently erected **Cullinan Hall** (below), designed by Mies van der Rohe.

G. David Thompson (above), Pittsburgh industrialist and internationally famous art collector, has been elected a trustee of the **Museum of Modern Art**. Mr. Thompson, formerly chairman of the board of Pittsburgh Engineering and Machine Co., has been president of Thompson and Taylor Co. since 1953. He has served as a member of the museum's Collections Committee for the past year.

Forrest Hall Selvig (above), formerly assistant curator of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, has been appointed assistant director of the **Minneapolis Institute of Arts**. At the Institute, he will assist the director, Carl J. Weinhardt, Jr., in general administrative duties and edit the Institute's *Bulletin*.

George D. Culler (above) has been elected to the post of director of the **San Francisco Museum of Art** by its board of trustees. Mr. Culler had served as associate director and director-elect of the Museum since September, 1958.

Dr. Jules Heller, professor and chairman of the department of fine arts at the University of Southern California, has been named director of the School of the Arts at the **Pennsylvania State University**. The appointment will become effective June 1, when Dr. Heller will succeed Dr.

Albert W. Christ-Janer, who resigned in 1958 to become dean of the Art School at Pratt Institute. In the interim, Dr. Ben Euwema, dean of the College of the Liberal Arts, has been serving as acting director of the school.

Dr. Roland R. De Marco, president of Finch College, has announced that **Marshall W. Mount**, chairman of the department of art history at the college, will undertake the first comprehensive study to be made of contemporary **African painting and sculpture**, with the aid of a fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation. Mr. Mount will spend a year traveling through Africa.

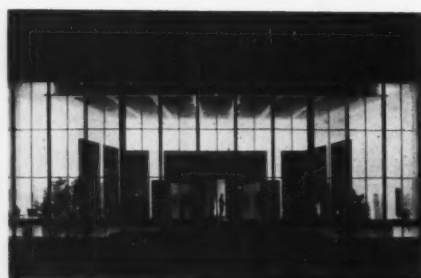
Edward A. Maser, chairman of the Department of Art History and director of the Museum of Art at the University of Kansas, has been named chairman of the Department of Art of the **University of Chicago**, beginning July 1. Mr. Maser will relieve Professor Franklin P. Johnson, who has been acting chairman since the fall of 1959.

Gordon P. Freese, administrative vice-president of Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri, has been appointed to the new post of executive vice-president of the **Art Association of Indianapolis**. The announcement was made by Herman C. Krannert, chairman of the Association board, which administers both the John Herron Art Museum and the John Herron Art School.

President Claude Bissell of the **University of Toronto** has announced that **Lionel Massey** will join Dr. T. A. Heinrich, Director of the Royal Ontario Museum, as Director of Administration. Mr. Massey, formerly governor of the Upper Canada College and of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, has long been associated with education and the arts.

The painter **Edward Hopper** has received the 1960 *Art in America* annual award, which carries with it a \$1,000 prize and a medal designed by the sculptor Seymour Lipton.

The **Corcoran Gallery of Art** in Washington has announced the four prize winners of its Twenty-seventh Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary Painting. **Lee Gatch** was awarded first prize, for his painting *The Beech*, and will receive the William A. Clark prize of \$2,000 accompanied by the Corcoran's gold medal. Second prize, an award of \$1,500 accompanied by the Corcoran's silver medal, goes to **Ben Kamihira** for his painting *Wedding Dress*. **Will Barnett** received third prize, an award of \$1,000 and the Corcoran's bronze medal, for his painting *Multiple Images I*, and **Ben Shahn** received fourth prize, \$500 and a copper medal, for his painting *From*



Cullinan Hall, Houston Museum.

That Day On. These four prizes are awarded, without regard to subject, to the four painters of the best pictures included in the exhibition, as determined by the jury. The current biennial exhibition consists of 128 paintings selected from over three thousand works, and will be open to the public through February 26.

The sculptor **William Zorach** of New York will receive the gold medal for sculpture of the **National Institute of Arts and Letters**. The award, presented once every five years, will be formally presented at the Joint Annual Ceremony of the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters on May 24. Given for the whole achievement of the recipient, the gold medal has been previously awarded to Ivan Mestrovic, James Earle Fraser, Paulanship, George Grey Barnard, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Dr. E. Maurice Bloch, curator of drawings and prints of the Grunwald Graphic Arts Foundation at the University of California, was elected the eleventh member of the national board of directors of the **Tamarind Lithography Workshop**. Prior to joining the faculty at UCLA, Dr. Bloch was curator of drawings and prints at Cooper Union in New York.

NEWS NOTES

Harold C. Case, president of **Boston University**, has announced that a grant of \$25,000 to the trustees of the university from the Charles E. Merrill Trust of New York has been made for use in the university's School of Fine and Applied Arts. The fund will be known as the **Charles E. Merrill Memorial Scholarship** and will be applied toward scholarship assistance to students of music, art and the theater. Approximately \$1,000 in scholarship aid will be made available to students each year.

The University of Illinois has announced the thirtieth annual consideration of candidates for the **Kate Neal Kinley Memorial Fellowship**. Established in 1931 by the late president-emeritus David Kinley in memory of his wife, the fellowship yields the sum of \$1,500 to be used by the recipient toward defraying the expenses of advanced study of the fine arts in America or abroad. Open to graduates of the University of Illinois or similar institutions of equal standing who do not exceed twenty-four years of age on June 1, 1961, the fellowship will be awarded on the basis of unusual promise in the fine arts. Those interested should write to Dean Allen S. Weller, College of Fine and Applied Arts, Room 110, Architecture Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois. Applications should reach the committee not later than May 22, 1961.

OBITUARIES

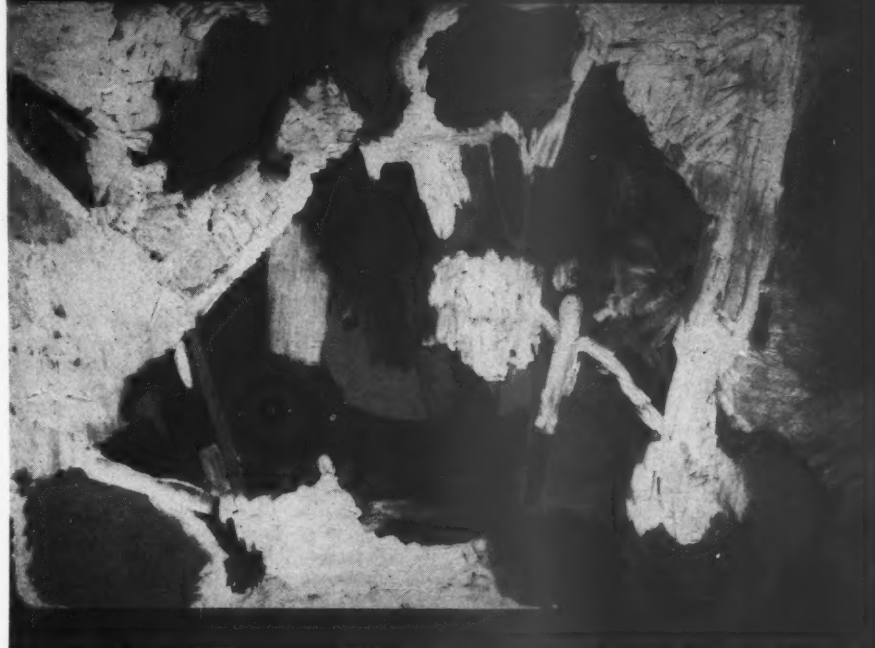
Dr. Karl Lehmann, archaeologist and professor at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, died on December 17 in Basel, Switzerland, after a long illness. He was sixty-six years old.

Mrs. Margaret Wood White Newton, portrait painter and wife of Arthur U. Newton, art dealer, died on December 26 after a long illness, at the age of sixty-seven. Mrs. Newton, who painted under the name of Margot White, was the widow of Victor G. White, also a portrait painter, who died in 1954.

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THE CLASSICS

The Cleveland Zurbarán and Williamstown's "Rembrandt" . . . a new museum for Santa Barbara . . . Algardi in Minneapolis . . . the Baroque and its "arrival" . . .

It's America again, and its museums. A flurry of photographs and announcements about new acquisitions arrives steadily, and the seventeenth century shows no signs of falling from its high favor. The column a few months ago that explored the rich activity in seventeenth-century Spanish pictures seems endorsed in an unmatched addition to the Cleveland Museum. Cleveland is said to have the third largest endowment among American art museums, and seems to be maintaining its tradition of being more intelligent than any other that one can think of about its purchases. This Zurbarán has extraordinary poignancy for us. What we love and what we hate, in short what we feel most strongly about, is exclusively presented in it: Cubistic forms in abstract space are mingled with *kitsch* tears and religious sentiment.

Neither this painting nor any duplicate of it appears in the Phaidon edition of Zurbarán, which is quite up to date. It presents instead a smaller painting of the young Christ only, in exactly the same pose as here, which is in private ownership in Seville. That painting seems less fine than this one, and may now look like a copy of it. But it is the relationship between the messages of the two that is fascinating, and calls for some general background. I am sure Renaissance artists were fully conscious of the principles involved in their

two basic kinds of images, the representation of an event like the Martyrdom of a Saint, and the image like a Madonna or a Portrait which excludes the implication of time and movement. They achieved some of their most intense effects by the allusion in one of the types to the principles of the other, as in the speaking portrait and the Pietà. In the present case the Seville picture is a non-temporal object for reverence, while the Cleveland picture turns into a dramatic and psychological event by repeating the other and adding another half to it. This may well be the basis of its poignant combination of fixity and tension.

One of the saddest habits of those responsible for telling us about old paintings is the failure to report other versions of them. In this present instance such a report would have added to our capacity to understand the feeling of the painting. In most cases, of course, the opposite would happen: to imply that a painting is unique gives us a false security that it is authentic and correctly labeled. Sometimes we are the victim of a dealer who quietly ignored the existence of other versions, but more often the dealer or museum has simply not taken the necessary half-hour to look up the right books. An odd variation on this pattern is the painting that comes equipped with an impressive bibliography and thus looks as if it had been studied and admired by generations of specialists; when their statements are hunted up, however, something quite different turns out to be the case.

The very beautiful portrait signed "Rembrandt," at the Clark Institute in Williamstown, is not a new acquisition, but is being exhibited for the first time in the Institute's well thought out plan for gradually opening up the collection. The announcement to the press properly lets us know that it is one of six known versions frequently attributed to Carel Fabritius. But the printed catalogue for visitors hints nothing of this. Its technical observance of the proprieties takes the form of a bibliography, from which if we look up the inventories of Hofstede de Groot we find the simple statement "This painting is definitely not by Rembrandt." To observe that the handwriting of the signature looks doubtful is a trivial

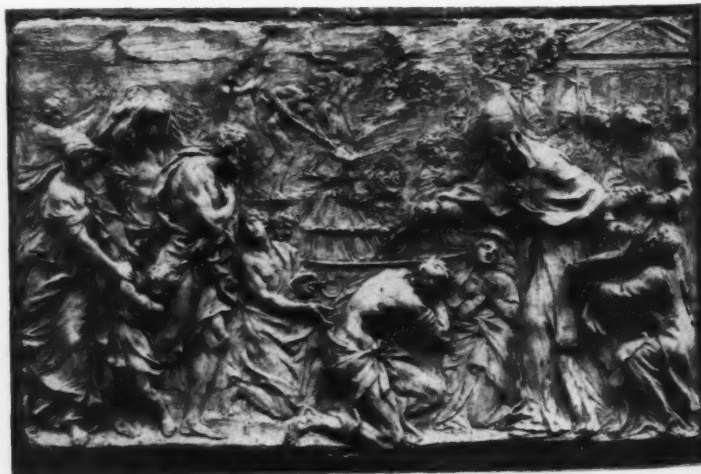
matter: the heart of the painting is in the remarkable and moving half-light on the face. Is this Rembrandt's sort of approach? The importance of all this is not the difference in financial value, but something that lies behind that: we have agreed to revere Rembrandt, but apparently we can't be sure of recognizing him or somebody else when we look. We need more help there than we are being given. The Clark Institute has such a remarkable collection, and cares for it so admirably, that we can be excused if we instinctively turn to it also for the help that requires a scholar.

WILLIAMSTOWN is no longer unique as a small place with two significant art museums, though it remains the smallest. Santa Barbara, California, now joins a University Gallery to its energetic city museum. The University Gallery is impressively inaugurated with a collection on long loan, announced as a probable future gift, which like all good initial collections in museums comes complete with a legend. The original owner of the paintings bequeathed them to an uninterested nephew. "They were stored in a basement and all but forgotten until the basement was flooded and the packing cases began floating. The paintings were recovered, but so much damage had been done that the owner decided to throw them away or put them up at auction." They were rescued by another nephew, who has now put them in the hands of the university. For the home-town audience the most precious enrichment will be the Ruisdael, the greatest master visible in Santa Barbara, but since it is quite like works we know, the outsider's greatest interest will come from the extraordinarily attractive portrait by Juan de Flandes.

Like other artists of the Flemish Renaissance such as Joos van Cleve and Vermeyen, Juan de Flandes is a personality whom we know only as the result of twentieth-century investigations. His portraits are very few and were first recognized in 1930. And in fact that first portrait is a painting which this one in Santa Barbara duplicates: it is in the great collection at Schloss Rohonc in Switzerland. If we look at the two side by side,



Carel Fabritius (?), *A Man Reading*;
collection Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute.



Alessandro Algardi, terra-cotta sketch for marble relief;
collection Minneapolis Institute of Arts.



Francisco de Zurbarán, *The Holy House of Nazareth*: collection the Cleveland Museum of Art.

the Santa Barbara version may very likely appeal to us more. It is, according to the cliché, "crisp"; the Swiss version has softer shadows and is altogether more infused with High Renaissance notions of the up-to-date. The problem is that Juan de Flandes, who like Columbus was patronized by Queen Isabella of Spain, was an artist whose work shows that he concurred fully in this latter sort of taste. There would then be two explanations of the Santa Barbara picture. According to one, it would be earlier than the work of his that we know, but this is unlikely, since the lady, doubtless a princess, is exactly the same in both versions, so that she was not being painted twice with a difference in age. The other is that the Santa Barbara version is a copy by a local artist of more conservative habits. Such a situation would be as likely in this social background as the other would be unlikely. Our pleasure in the painting would then derive from the presence of an authentic artist's original design, translated into the more primitive form that we enjoy.

Again in the seventeenth century, it is a delight to see that there is a little increase in the presentation of sculpture. It must have to do with the growing importance of modern sculptors, who thirty years ago seemed to be about to vanish. That is perhaps also one of the explanations why sculptural sketches are being favored, though another reason is the dull one that marbles and bronzes are so expensive to ship on approval for a museum committee's inspection. Besides the angel now at Sarasota by Bernini, the greatest sculptor of his century, the second greatest is now superbly shown at Minneapolis through the Baptism relief. Since it has been widely noticed, I would only like to note along the lines of the preceding paragraphs that this acquisition shows admirable policy. It is presented with full attention to the marble version in Rome, now in damaged condition; it is the work of an artist quite unknown to the general public and not clearly conceived in the heads of most art historians, Alessandro Algardi; and it is a relief. If sculpture is blossoming among us, it is a curious fact that modern sculptors seem to fail entirely to exploit the relief, unlike Phidias and Donatello. The few works that one can mention seem to be, like Al-

gardi's work in general, commissions, so that we may see more of them as modern sculpture more and more filters into public adoption. If this acquisition was the brain child of Mr. Sam Hunter, known for his writings on the twentieth century, he is to be saluted, even as he goes from Minneapolis to a modern museum in Massachusetts.

CLEARLY, the Baroque is here; it is no longer something to discover. There is very little to discover, as fashions and the market push each other along faster and faster. The only thing to do, as museums try to employ their shrinking funds to good purpose, is to look for something old hat, so far out that it's in. The nicest case of this I have noticed recently is again in Williamstown, but at the other museum there. Williams College was specializing in Spanish painting when it really was thoroughly obscure. It is now making lively additions, of all things, in Italian fourteenth-century panels, those saints with gold backgrounds that were so fashionable and expensive in the rich days of Duveen. The casual surveyor has recently imagined that they were no longer available at all, but the sharp-eyed have been able to notice that this is not so, by the simple process of watching Sotheby's auctions in London. If other museums besides Williams have taken advantage, it is apparently not the large-scale ones that sometimes seem to be willing to look only at expensive paintings, but only those that must of necessity be keen, with less in the way of staff and resources.

Stimulating as are these new acquisitions, the proportionate energy that in museums goes into new acquisitions, to the exclusion of study of works of art long in them, is not happy. I hope to go further into the notion that works of art seem to participate in the American feeling that what one has bought becomes obsolescent. The other approach will perhaps be illustrated about the time this is distributed, at the annual event when art historians assemble to tell each other what they have learned. Your reporter's dateline next month will therefore be the College Art Association, Minneapolis.

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NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

SANTA BARBARA: WEST COAST CONFRONTS NEW YORK SCHOOL

THE "American Painting in Our Time" exhibition at the Santa Barbara Art Museum gave us a welcome opportunity to see good examples of recent work by New York School painters and to view in this context work by a number of prominent West Coast artists.

Favored by placement, and setting the tone of the exhibition, were paintings by Guston and Kline. Kline's *Garcia* dominated the show, but I found myself more deeply affected by the canvas by Guston, titled *The Room*. Kline's black and white "gesture" goes off like a steamboat whistle: the visual wallop is big, and brings us to the moment of truth when we see just how far a bit of expert Hofmannesque space reconnaissance (*à la* charcoal, c. 1940) can be made to go, through a simple but daring innovation in style-technique. This innovation (which has stood for over a decade but is now due for revision) seems to yield a pure distillate of self-rising triumph: a power icon worshipful of an executive ideal.

By contrast with Kline's bald assertiveness, Guston appears almost an old-fashioned romantic. Although his sour red, orange and ashen-gray pigment has a remarkable quality of raw physical tangibility, his mode of expression is more atmospheric than gestural, and his ropy, glutinous space harbors a wan, fading light. Like a view of Greenwich Village painted by a saddened Turner on a sooty Sunday afternoon . . . or the murky interior of a loft with some vague hunk of machinery sitting in the middle of the room. Guston's space and light are the correlatives of sentiment rather than will, which is to say that his is an art more of feeling than of "action."

Jackson Pollock, who may go down in art history as the "father of Action Painting," was not represented, but there was a painting by Hans Hofmann (who was surely the midwife). Next to the perky sensuality and taut plastiphane paint surface of the Hofmann canvas, Robert Goodnough's *Gray Seated Figure* looked somewhat dry

and scholarly, but out of Goodnough's disciplined schooling in Analytical Cubism has come a refined and dignified statement that does credit to both the style and the borrower. Hultberg's technique in *Painting No. 1-1960* looked thin and flimsy, only too much in keeping with his shingle-shackly symbolic image. Paintings by Stamos and Kepes made guarded references to chaos and the dead earth in styles similar to those of Sam Francis and Hyman Bloom respectively. *Via Aurelia* by Helen Frankenthaler was very pleasant—assured and relaxed in its fruition. Likewise Frank Roth's decorative patterns. John Heliker, Morris Kantor, Fritz Glarner, Adja Yunkers, William Kienbusch and Edwin Dickinson further contributed to the fullness of the occasion, each with his quota of recognizable competence.

The West Coast people held their own reasonably well, though the Bay Area figuratives were not present. Paintings by Leonard Edmondson, Edgar Ewing and Sam Amato struck me as the most interesting. Edmondson works in a collage-like style using boldly balanced complementary colors and sensitively improvised shapes that partly suggest, partly disguise their objective source. It is a sprightly style in the rhythmic tradition of Kandinsky and Arthur Dove. Edgar Ewing's *Acropolis Night* was to my mind one of the most impressive and memorable paintings in the whole exhibition. The striking sight of the Athenian Acropolis under floodlights was translated by the artist into an abstract structure of dangling white planes that define the shape of the rock as with sheets of reflected glare but enclose a resounding void. The result is an almost visionary image, in white, ocher and brown—a synthesis of sensitive impression and imaginative plastic invention.

There were also a few pieces of sculpture, among them David Smith's simple and beautiful *Six Elements*.

Charles S. Kessler



Edgar Ewing, *Acropolis Night*; at Santa Barbara Art Museum.

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A decade of Moore's work at the Whitechapel . . . his postwar, public style . . . the seeds of a new style . . . other sculpture shows . . .

THE exhibition of Henry Moore's sculpture of the last decade at the Whitechapel Art Gallery has certainly been the big London art event of recent months. Inevitably the enthusiastic crowds that packed the gallery each day have reminded people of the great Picasso public—some 460,000 of them—that poured into the Tate Gallery last summer. One can hardly talk about public indifference to modern art these days.

I don't want to start by making comparisons, though plainly in international drawing-power (if that's the word) no sculptor can rival Moore; hence the proliferation of exhibitions since the war. The foundations were laid with the Museum of Modern Art's 1946 retrospective and Moore's sculpture prize at the 1948 Venice Biennale. To quote Herbert Read: "The tributes paid to his work on that occasion made it clear that there was an almost unanimous agreement among the world's leading art critics, not only that Moore was technically and aesthetically the most considerable sculptor of our time, but that he was also an artist whose images were in some manner peculiarly apt to express a specifically modern range of consciousness."

In England Moore has become something of a national hero, not only because he was the first British artist to win a truly international reputation for a very long time (I was tempted to write "ever"), but, more worthily, because of his part in giving our painters and sculptors a new confidence in place of the deep-seated feelings of inferiority that have riddled British art for a century. If the climate of world opinion

tends to favor British sculpture in general, this is largely Moore's doing. (As a corollary, our painters get much less sympathetic treatment, even when this is quite undeserved. See for example Mr. Tillim's reviews of the New York exhibitions by Lanyon and Frost in ARTS. The idea dies hard that the British can't paint; what they do is paint differently.)

The question arises: Does Moore deserve his reputation? Anyone who knows his work at its best cannot fail to be deeply impressed, for Moore's remarkable sense of three-dimensional form, his mastery of the abstract qualities of mass and void, rhythm and balance, must be plain to anyone with any feelings for sculpture. The deeper meaning of his work—Moore's obsession with the female image (mother, wife, daughter), and, more generally, with ideas of creation and growth and decay—this also has an obvious relevance that one doesn't need to labor, and because of it so many people can respond naturally and perhaps in part unconsciously to Moore's sculpture.

It has sometimes been darkly hinted, however, that Moore's best work was done in the 1930's, and there's enough truth in this assertion to have made even his admirers uneasy. The artist whose work declines in quality as soon as recognition comes to him is unfortunately a familiar enough figure in the history of art. Might this not have happened to Moore? It is certainly true that his sculpture of the thirties has a richness of invention and consistency of vision that are lacking in the immediately postwar work.

IN THE course of a sympathetic tribute in the *Observer* last month, the sculptor Anthony Caro, a former assistant of Moore's, spoke up openly for a younger generation when he wrote: "I think Moore has paid heavily for his stardom. Because of his self-imposed isolation away from London, and the impossibility of casual meetings on neutral ground with younger artists, he has grown out of touch with postwar developments in art. Moreover, in his later works it sometimes appears that he is affected by a consciousness of his

greatness. My generation abhors the idea of a father-figure, and his work is bitterly attacked by artists and critics under forty when it fails to measure up to the outsize scale it has been given."

Caro is himself one of the most honest and thoughtful of our younger artists, engaged in the difficult search for new ways of sculptural expression, but he is wrong, I think, in demanding that Moore should keep in touch with up-to-the-minute art. At sixty-two, why should he? You might just as well blame Monet for not appreciating Cubism. If an artist is still full of ideas, as Moore is, there's no need to look for new stimuli. In fact, with rare exceptions (I can only think of Stravinsky's interest in Luigi Nono), it's probably better for older artists to ignore what the younger are doing.

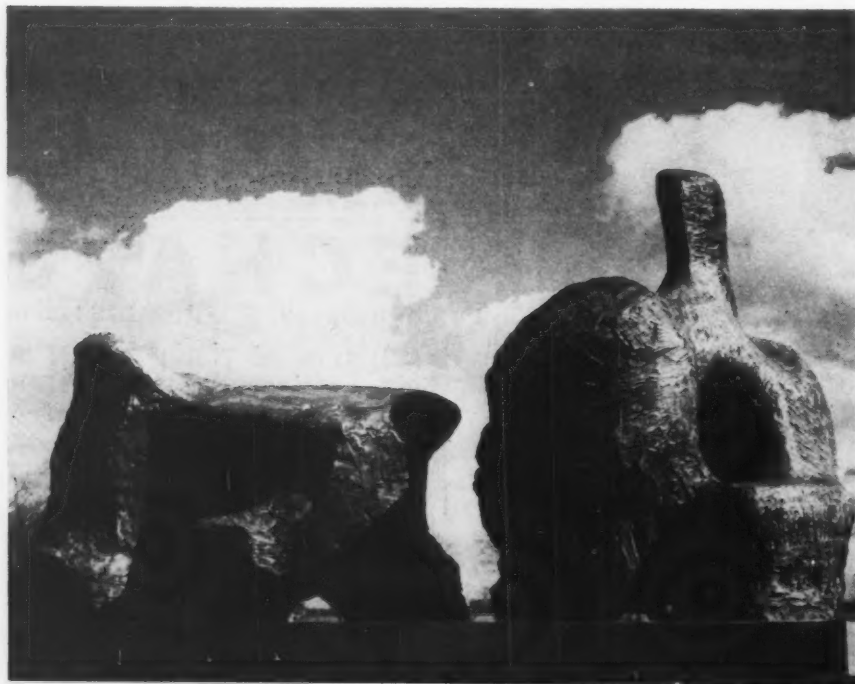
Caro's other assertion, that Moore is "affected by a consciousness of his greatness," is nearer the mark, but I should prefer to put it in another, perhaps less brash, way. Moore is a man with a strong sense of social duty, and has obviously worried a great deal over the last twenty years about the place an artist holds in society today. It was not always so, but Moore's preoccupation with private sculptural problems came to an abrupt end in 1940 when the war stopped him carving. External events suddenly impinged upon his creative life. He became an "official war artist," and made the drawings of women and children sheltering in London's underground railway stations. The wide and warm sympathy they immediately aroused must have made Moore aware, possibly for the first time, of his public as something more than a few artist and collector friends.

As a result, when he returned to sculpture in 1943, it was to commissioned work, with a new, more public style and a new range of subjects which emphasized the group rather than the individual. He also began at this time to play an active part in public life, sitting on innumerable committees and giving his time to causes that he rightly thinks his presence can assist. One respects Moore for this, even if one wonders whether an antisocial streak isn't a basic necessity for an artist's survival today.

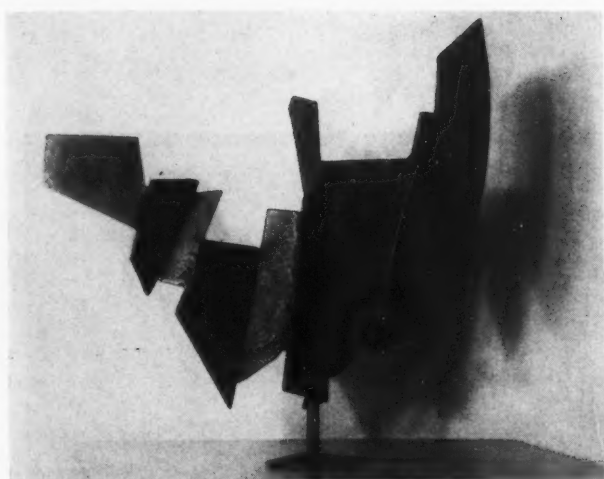
MOORE was led by his wartime experiences to regard himself as someone at the service of society. As he said at a UNESCO conference in Venice in 1952: "As artists we do not know who is our master; we are individuals seeking patronage, sometimes from another individual, sometimes from an organization of individuals—a public corporation, a museum, an educational authority—sometimes from the State itself. This very diversity of patronage requires, on the part of the modern artist, an adaptability that was not required of the artist in a unified society."

This doctrine (which I believe Moore would now repudiate) provided the intellectual justification for the most surprising characteristic of Moore's work since 1940—his readiness to compromise and provide what he thinks is expected. And this has entailed the simultaneous use of a range of styles for different moods and occasions, with at times extraordinary mixtures, as in the *King and Queen* of 1952, which was the earliest large work in the Whitechapel exhibition.

In a lesser artist such an attitude would be disastrous; in Moore's case it helps explain the vicissitudes of his sculpture since the war. The public commissions have, almost without exception, had an inhibiting effect on his creative imagination. Sometimes he has been ill-advised to accept them, and has compromised too much: the *Madonnas* at Northampton and Claydon are among the worst of his larger works, not the best, as has even been suggested. Sometimes he has been unlucky; it proved impossible to rotate the four forms of the *Time-Life* screen, the



Henry Moore, *Two-Piece Reclining Figure No. 2*; at Whitechapel Art Gallery.



Robert Adams, *Rising Forms*:
at Gimpel Fils.

brick wall of the Rotterdam Bouwcentrum offered a completely unsuitable material, and the architecture of the UNESCO building exactly the wrong kind of setting for a large stone reclining figure. Works that were not in fact commissioned have taken on a half-official quality: the series of *Seated Women* of 1956-58 for example, which seem almost designed as museum pieces, and, like all of Moore's too self-consciously humanist or classical works, come perilously near to emptiness at times.

AND YET one must never forget that an artist is judged by his best work, and, in my opinion, at his best Moore still has no equal today. He seems lately to have had second thoughts about his career as a sculptor for society: the group subjects and public language have disappeared, and he is back to the essentials of his art, closer to the work of the thirties than ever before. The two-part *Reclining Figures* of 1959 and 1960 have a boldness, an amplitude and a magnificence that make most contemporary sculpture appear trivial. The fusion of figure and landscape that has obsessed Moore for more than thirty years reaches a grand climax in these two works that are somehow at once both more landscape-like and more figure-like than anything before. In the 1960 two-piece *Figure* the limbs are great eroded cliffs, and the head is, triumphantly integrated with the body—a final solution of a formal problem that has long troubled Moore. By comparison it makes the head of one of Moore's greatest achievements, the 1957 limbless woman (the so-called *Fate*), seem almost superficial or superfluous.

The two-part figures mark a culmination, but other new works at Whitechapel are a new beginning. Moore has admitted a partiality to what Philip Hendy calls his "wild ones"—these are, in Moore's own words, "sculptures which are inspired by general considerations of nature, but which are less dominated by representational considerations, and in which I use forms and their relationships quite freely." The most remarkable "wild ones" at Whitechapel were, I suppose, the three ten-foot *Upright Motives* of 1955-56, which elevate the biomorphic forms of the never-executed Milan maquettes to totem-pole-like scale, but some of the most recent work also came within this category. There was an extraordinary *Three-Part Object*, for example, which completely changed its character as one moved around it (how surprisingly rare this is in sculpture!)—from one view a reposeful succession of smooth, rounded forms, from another a row of porcine snouts that almost

nauseated one.

I can't pretend that I liked the *Three-Part Object*, but it has great sculptural power and conviction and, further, a curious otherworldly quality—a kind of desperately personal flouting of what is expected of him that is unusual in Moore's sculpture (though the work is obviously related to the *Fate* and the second, more abstract, *Three Motives against Wall* of 1959). I found myself wondering whether one might now expect to see a genuine "late style" in Moore's work, which is what ought soon to emerge if he is really a sculptor of the greatest stature. Moore at sixty-two would again have to follow his private inclinations, forgetting his public and his reputation, and going deep rather than wide. He would have to be ready to produce work that will not find much popular approval; but as he himself recently said, "society, the public, cannot have any say in art."

I believe that Moore is capable of this, and that there is evidence at Whitechapel of the makings of a late style, following on the "public sculpture" of what I hope we shall soon be calling Moore's "middle period."

THERE have been other important sculpture shows in London this season, though nothing so exciting as Moore's. A comprehensive Zadkine exhibition has just opened at the Tate Gallery, dominated, as one would expect, by the smaller version of the Rotterdam Monument. This was preceded by another Arts Council sculpture show, devoted to Giacomo Manzù. Perhaps the selection was at fault, but this made Manzù look repetitive and derivative—altogether an artist of considerable limitations. One could admire the lively modeling of the surfaces, especially in the reliefs, but elsewhere the formal invention was slight, and a sense of three-dimensional shape almost nonexistent by the standard of a Moore.

With two excellent shows of younger sculptors—César at the Hanover Gallery and Robert Adams at Gimpel's—such comparisons are less meaningful. Adams is one of the few completely nonfigurative sculptors in England today, working mainly in welded metals. He has recently broken away from the chunky, solid forms that for a time typified his work; and this has been not always to his advantage, as mass remains the most expressive part of sculpture, and a construction of rods and strips alone is somewhat ineloquent. But Adams is by temperament a classical artist, like Barbara Hepworth and unlike Moore, and the still messages of his sculpture get over to me at least.

Alan Bowness

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Bacchiacca, *Lady with Vase of Flowers*;
lent by Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Bacchiacca at the Baltimore Museum

Seventy-five works by "Bacchiacca and His Friends" are being featured at the Baltimore Museum of Art through February 19. Reflecting the rising interest in Florentine Mannerist art, the exhibition is focused upon Francesco Ubertini (1494-1557), or "Bacchiacca" as he was known to his friends, whose work formed a transition between the classicism of the High Renaissance and the personal, emotional expressiveness of Mannerism. Bacchiacca occupied a special position in the artistic currents of his city and epoch, and he counted among his friends Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolommeo, Franciabigio, Pontorno, Bronzino, Beccafumi and Vasari, all of whom are represented in the current exhibition. The works on display have been lent by fifty American museums, private collectors and art dealers.



Edouard Manet, study for *Jeune Femme Etendue en Costume Espagnol*;
gift of John S. Thacher.

Recent Acquisitions at Yale

More than 350 works of art have been acquired by the Yale University Art Gallery within the past two years, and an exhibition selected from these acquisitions is being presented at the gallery through March 26. The works of art, acquired by gift or by purchase, date from the first millenium B.C. down to the present and include art from the United States, Europe, Africa, the Near and Far East, Mexico and Central America. Outstanding among the gifts are Bosch's *Allegory of Intemperance*, from the Rabinowitz Collection; Maillol's bronze *Torso of a Young Woman*, given by A. Conger Goodyear; and Braque's *The Stove*, given by Paul Rosenberg and Co. of New York in memory of the late Paul Rosenberg. Among the notable purchases are *A Pastoral Scene* by Claude Lorrain, Reynold's double portrait of *Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Wentworth* and Seurat's *Seated Boy with Straw Hat*.

A Style for the Times

Wylie Sypher takes a dim view of mankind's future as he reviews the stylistic developments in the art and literature of the past century and a half.

BY JOSEPH C. SLOANE

JUST which view to adopt in regard to the present condition of mankind is surely a matter facing all thoughtful people today. The outlook hardly seems bright, since human stupidity and frailness have never been more in evidence, but there may still remain a considerable latitude between despair and something more constructive. If it should appear odd to begin an account of Mr. Sypher's book* on such a note, it comes because the latter part deals with this situation, and at length. A reading of the final chapters of *Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature* indicated, to this reader at least, the existence of two tenable, but opposed, views of the modern world. There may well be many more, but the point can be made by a comparison which comes to mind between his volume and a collection of essays, originally appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, now gathered under the title *Adventures of the Mind*, which presents a very opposite position. Written by a wide variety of distinguished authorities in fields ranging from physics to art—C. P. Snow, Herbert Read, Clement Greenberg, among others—they give an interesting composite sketch of where, so to speak, we stand on many fronts. If we contrast the human situation which emerges from this volume with the climax of Mr. Sypher's essay, we find our environment in the latter a shifting, uncertain, negative, confused place headed toward an indeterminate spaciousness where individuality is lost and near-nothingness remains. The former, on the contrary, presents a tragic, exciting, brilliant, daring world where man's role is everywhere apparent as discoverer, thinker and student of the past, present and future. Mr. Sypher and his artists have long ago given man up as a bad job; in the essays, man may be fatally imperfect, but he is still an individual.

Which picture the reader accepts will, in large measure, determine what he thinks of this thoughtful, difficult, erratic book. In the seventeenth century, writers on art used Horace's phrase, *ut pictura poesis*. Mr. Sypher brings this up to date with an *ut pictura omnia*. Painting for him is not only like poetry; it is like prose, like sculpture, like architecture, like philosophy, and, of late, like science. His wide-ranging examples are adduced to prove that we are indeed in the grip of a *Zeitgeist*, that the arts—all of them—obey similar impulses and react similarly to common stimuli. This thesis of a common fabric running through the arts of painting, sculpture, poetry, the novel and even architecture is not new and has been attempted a number of times, a recent example being Helmut A. Hatzfeld's *Literature through Art*, which was, in this reviewer's opinion, not a particularly sound book. Mr. Sypher is cleverer, has more and better-chosen examples, and is far more convincing. Some of the analogies are brilliant; some of the descriptions of artistic movements have an insight which is a pleasure to share; but there is something wrong. What it is, exactly, is not easily identified, and even less easily made plain to the reader of a relatively brief review. Mr. Sypher is on terms of easy familiarity with so many artists, poets, architects, philosophers, novelists,

critics, historians and sculptors that he is hard to challenge. The only resource for the reader is to try to judge the book on the basis of those parts where his own knowledge might hope to be equal to the author's.

"CUBISM," says Mr. Sypher, "is an art that expresses the condition of modern man who has been forced to live in a world where there are, as Whitehead put it, no longer any simple locations, where all relations are plural." In Cubism, "things exist in multiple relations to each other and change their appearance according to the point of view from which we see them—and we now realize that we can see them from innumerable points of view . . ." In all fairness, one may say that the author has adopted this Cubist view as the tool by which he will create the story of the development of style from the early eighteenth to the mid-twentieth century. A shifting, glinting, fragmentary assemblage of critical planes are assembled here to convince us about the true significance of what happened to art in these two hundred and fifty years. The result is a fascinating picture, but when one tries really to come to grips with the argument, it slips away on another plane, and the critical hand of the reviewer closes on empty air.

And yet the outline of the thesis is not too difficult to discover, and it is a persuasive one. By "genuine style," Mr. Sypher means "an expression of a prevailing, dominant, or authentically contemporary point of view of the world by those artists who have most successfully intuited the quality of human experience peculiar to their day and who are able to phrase this experience in forms deeply congenial to the thought, science, and technology which are a part of that experience." By means of this critical Geiger counter, the author finds no activity in the arts worthy of being called "a genuine style" from the fading Baroque manifestations of the Rococo until the advent of Cubism. Neo-Classicism (David is very cavalierly set aside), Romanticism, Realism, Impressionism and Symbolism are all dismissed as being superficial, or merely attitudes rather than styles, since none of them strike clear home to the heart of the contemporary predicament of mankind at various stages in the intervening years. It is not until we come to the newly popular Art Nouveau that we approach something like a true style, and not until we arrive at Cubism is the basic "congeniality" between art and the rest of culture achieved.

THE BOOK tempts the reader to argue the matter almost point by point along the way, even when he inclines to a general over-all agreement with the premises on which this long stylistic gap is based. This reader resistance is, I think, due to the offhand and dogmatic way in which the author sums up complex matters or disposes of artists and others whom he does not choose to discuss at length. Examples of this Olympian approach abound throughout the book. "Wordsworth was probably correct when in 1800 he said in one of the most enlightened passages anybody has written about

* *Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature*, by Wylie Sypher (Random House, \$7.00).

poetry . . ." How nice of Mr. Sypher to say so! And to grant Wordsworth the additional distinction of being *probably* correct. Or again: "For Baudelaire feeling is not enough. Like Arnold, like Valéry and Eliot, he needs an aesthetic." By the time the reader has untangled this terse remark, decided whether Baudelaire, to say nothing of the other three gentlemen, did indeed believe that feeling was not enough, whether any poet ever felt it was, wondered why these four out of many are joined together at this particular point, and so on, the author is off again. The very next sentence reads, "This is the real revolution in the history of romanticism: The shift from sensation to a consciousness of how sensation transforms itself to art." Here is food for another hour's thought—even to determine if it is true or not, or perhaps only partly true. But we are hastened forward again in the next sentence: "Such consciousness is liable, of course, to bring with it a sense of difficulty, even a paralysis, along with over-developed theories of art, aestheticism, byzantine effects, and decadence." One tends to balk under treatment of this kind and feel inclined to refuse to follow another step until six or seven points have been cleared up. But they seldom are; one is snowed under by a continuing drift of additional pronouncements. Many of these are extremely just and apt, but others either require discussion for agreement, or else are not true—at least for the present reviewer.

"Witness Courbet's great *Atelier du Peintre* with its Titian-like wealth and assurance and its Olympian nude, all in a resonant gray tonality." The tonality of this picture is certainly not gray, whatever one may think of its "Titian-like wealth and assurance." Why Titian particularly? "The romantics were always trying to transcend nature by feeling; yet they succeeded no better than the realists in detaching themselves from nature." To read as well as look at the art of the realist masters one would not suppose they were trying to detach themselves from nature and hence cannot be blamed for not succeeding. "The expressionism in Prud'hon and Goya is a rephrasing of the mannerist expressionism that comes like an upheaval in the early Caravaggio." This sentence just does not make sense. To group these two together is meaningless; Prud'hon's art sprang from Correggio insofar as it did not come from the prevailing Neo-Classic mode, and to say that Goya is rephrasing Caravaggio's Mannerism is a flight of fancy. "The need for distance means that Monet cannot make his statement with emphasis or in great detail. He extracts the value he wants by modulating light and color, avoiding the over-definition of photography and the realism that was only a specification." It is hard to see how one can explain the nature of Monet's style in these terms when better reasons are so easily at hand. To multiply examples would serve no purpose; there are, however, so many as to make one a little uneasy over the course of the argument.

TO FIND characteristics in any period which indicate common attitudes between various forms of human activity is not easy, and the tendency to make the argument out of the pieces that fit is well-nigh irresistible. Thus the Rococo is mainly Pope, an Englishman, the French architectural decorators and designers, and Watteau, a Fleming resident in France. Bigari, a very minor Italian, is discussed, but not Tiepolo, the most significant Italian master of the century. Nor are the Germans like Neumann considered. Was the Bavarian church architecture of the eighteenth century still essentially Baroque, or truly Rococo? Is Bach Rococo? If a style, to be a style, must be "prevailing," or "dominant," or "authentically contemporary," must this be true of all Europe? Of all artists taken together and in different fields such as literature, art, architecture and music? No mention is made of the new bourgeois approach to art found nearly everywhere in Europe—Guardi, Chardin, Hogarth (in his subject matter at least), Greuze, and so on. Surely the kind of art they produced

was at least "authentically contemporary" and eventually "dominant." If to have an "expression" which fits these requirements means that the *form* of the art must be basically altered, as Wölfflin pointed out between the Classic and the Baroque, it is hard to see why the Rococo is separate; or else one must define just how radical an alteration is required in order to justify the distinction. From Watteau to David is almost as great a jump as from the late Cézanne to Braque in 1907. But David represents no "style," and Braque does. Mr. Sypher does not always make the width and depth of style apparent enough to justify its non-appearance for one hundred and fifty years. Neo-Classicism, as David practiced it, is not seriously discussed; yet most people would feel this was truly a style, even in Mr. Sypher's terms, and modern criticism now sees in it the germ of a great deal that was of the utmost importance to European art all the way down to Impressionism.

Once past this gap, however, the book becomes intensely interesting—even exciting. I know of no place where the restlessness of the nineteenth century is so perfectly described. The ever-changing search for a suitable soil in which to put down new creative roots is admirably described, and the various attempts such as Pre-Raphaelitism are vividly set forth. Some license with chronology creeps in, but it does not seriously affect the argument.

Like Dagobert Frey before him, Mr. Sypher bases his climax upon the overthrow of the Renaissance-Baroque mode of seeing. This mode has been described as occurring from a fixed viewpoint, albeit we should remember that there are an infinitude of these, and that any and all objects may be placed in an infinite number of positions relative to the viewpoint adopted. The new thing about the Cubist approach is that it presented several views *simultaneously* without regard for a fixed spatial frame of reference from which the whole work is conceived. Mr. Sypher makes much of this point, but it should be recalled that sculptors in the round, even modern ones, have always had this problem in the form of composition from successive and continuous views. Nor is the architect unaware of the same necessity for at least successive aspects all relating harmoniously to a central program of masses and voids. Not being a literary critic, the present writer cannot pass on the merits of the parallels with literature offered so copiously, but they seemed both convincing and enlightening.

THE POINT at issue, perhaps, is not so much whether there are Cubist manifestations in all the arts as whether this style is really as historically decisive as Mr. Sypher believes. Egon Friedell, for instance, in his monumental *Cultural History of the Modern Age*, believes that the crisis or turning point came earlier and was not essentially Cubist: "The only legitimate style of the Modern Age—Impressionism—has exhausted all its possibilities, and for the first time in history, perhaps, man stands overwhelmed before the question: has art any meaning at all?" He speaks of Impressionism as "the strained expression of a great dying world feeling, as the last gigantic stage in the tale of crises through which the European soul had to pass." To be sure, he includes in this much that comes after Monet, but the approach is different.

In its most inventive stages Cubism hardly lasted more than a decade, though its influence has, of course, been enduring. We are left to ponder over this fact, for if Cubism was indeed the artistic counterpart of the essence of the modern age in science and literature, as Mr. Sypher would have us believe, why did it have so short a life? Nonobjective art, at least in its expressive phases, was not really an outgrowth of Cubism, and yet may well be equally fundamental. The striking thing about "the retreat from likeness" is its *variety*, of which Cubism was only one manifestation. If this various disintegration of form had been made the crux of the argument, it would have been more accept-

continued on page 65

Surrealist Events

Marcel Jean's book and the D'Arcy Galleries' show call fresh attention to one of the major literary and/or artistic movements of the century.

BY JERROLD LANES

I DO NOT at all like writing about Surrealism, and I think the Editor of ARTS will bear me out: he gave me plenty of time to write this piece but had to wait until the last minute to receive it. It is not that my feelings are hopelessly mixed—on the contrary, they are to a surprising degree free of equivocation, and for several reasons I think it important to state what these feelings are. But first, the reasons: a sense of fair play, which requires that there be no hidden bias; the fact that Surrealism is one of the few things, nowadays, about which it is possible to take a relatively clear stand (an indication, it seems to me, of its authenticity); and finally, the notion that, at the present time, my particular stand is an important one to affirm. My feeling, then, is this: Surrealism is by all odds the most important, interesting and fertile artistic and/or literary movement of the twentieth century, both in its theory and, still more, its practice; in its realizations, the most beautiful and profound.

"Unequivocal" though my views may be on this score, they raise at least two important questions: can Surrealism be called an "artistic and/or literary" movement; and, depending on the answer one gives to this first question, what is the basis for the distinction I seem to draw between Surrealist "practice" and Surrealist "realizations"? To exonerate myself from the charge of doubt, I can reply that these questions exist in the movement itself, not merely in my attitude toward it; so I raise them not to answer them, but simply because they are raised by two recent events—the publication of Marcel Jean's *History of Surrealist Painting** and the exhibition, "Surrealist Intrusion in the Enchanter's Domain," recently held at the D'Arcy Galleries in New York and now beginning a national tour.†

Of these two events, the more satisfactory by far is the exhibition. I hardly know what to think of the book, except that it is informed by the author's very pleasant, but not very rigorous, sensibility; and for the rest, that it is an art book—which means, I suppose, that a multitude of sins may rest secure within its pages. Admittedly, the book must have been difficult to write. The events are beyond reckoning, and in Surrealist history they seem to occur on the same plane—few are pre-eminent, but most are spectacular, and one has to choose. Above all, there are the theory and the writing, which have somehow to be related to the painting.

It must have seemed to Marcel Jean that he could best meet these challenges by refusing to define his subject very sharply. Like everyone else who approaches Surrealism, he is faced with the problem of whether he is dealing with psychic re-

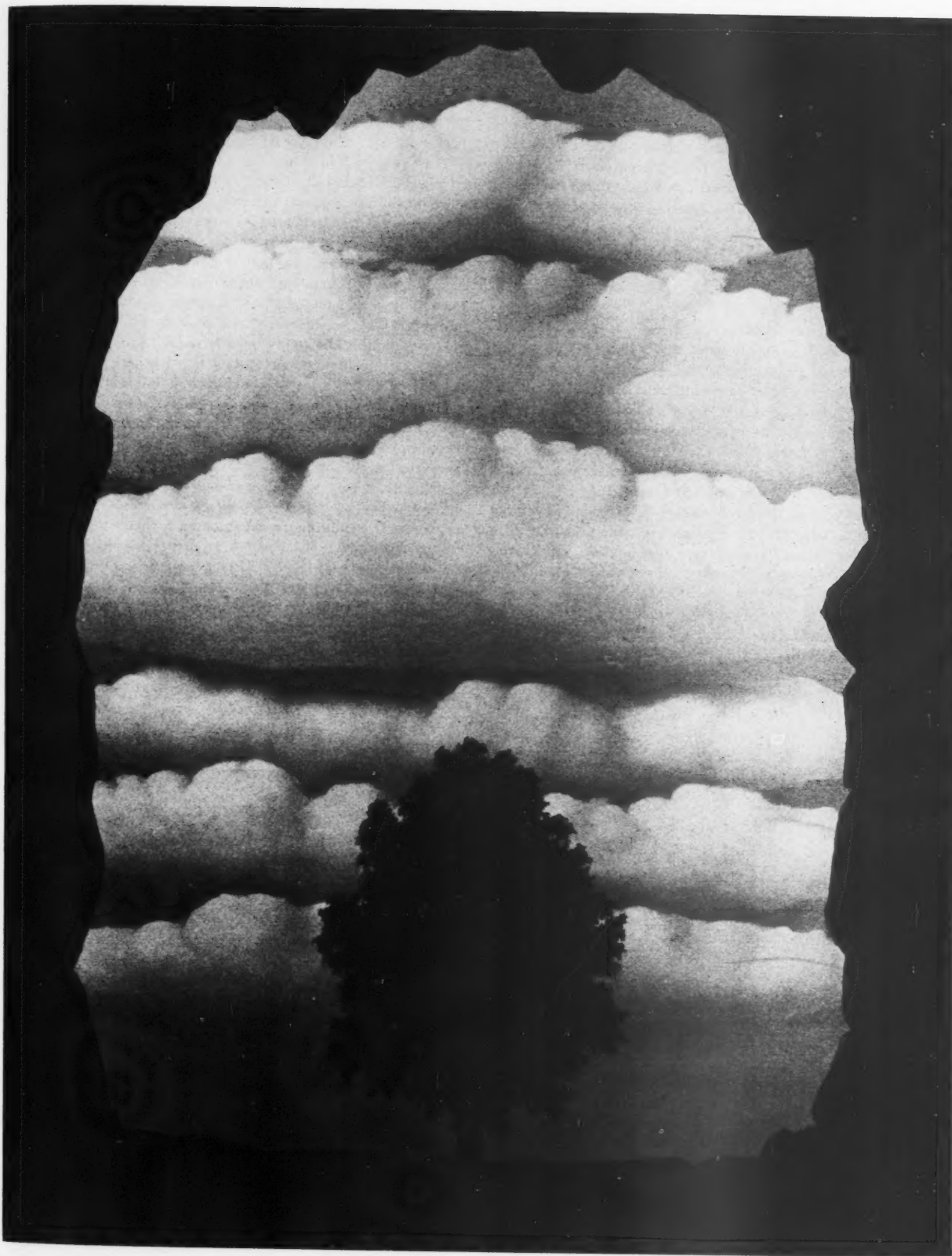
search or artistic creations or, more generally, with Revolution. There can be little doubt, I think, that Breton, Aragon and their friends put the accent on the third of these elements; the first was merely a particular instance of it, while the second tended not to figure at all until the late thirties. The basic manifestoes and charters either assert the primacy of Revolution or, taking this primacy for granted, limit themselves to discussing the modalities of its enactment.

Now the social and political sphere is one obvious place for such an enactment, and the major quarrels and alignments of the group were without exception occasioned by political events: the Moroccan war and then the Naville crisis, the broken tryst with *Clarté* or the spat with *Grand Jeu* on the Rue du Château. Aragon's departure, then the fall of the civil regime, even the exclusion of Dali—all these were *political* debates, and the texts they gave rise to—like the Second Manifesto, which followed on the affair of the Rue du Château—were, necessarily, in large part political. One would never suspect all this, to read Marcel Jean. For him, the Second Manifesto—to take this one instance—is an appeal to "esoterism," intended to transform Surrealism into a "private chapel" of the occult (I do not deny that this theme figures in the text); and in this connection he reports Aragon's complaint that he and Crevel can find no one to publish them—their books were so arcane, so hermetic. In fact, however, Aragon was quite clear on the reasons for the discrimination: his writing was revolutionary and, as they say today, subversive. It was, after all, at this time that the name of the Surrealists' periodical was changed from *La Révolution Surréaliste* to *Le Surréalisme au Service de la Révolution*—just a few words' difference, but it marks one of the most important dates in the history of the movement, and the intention of affirming a social mission is clear. But Jean discusses the new magazine's typography instead. Political omissions aside, Jean has provided a useful, if informal, chronicle of events, although it leans to the chatty and then the chaotic as, in the last three chapters, we reach recent developments.

At any rate, the narrative portions of Marcel Jean's history are interspersed with discussions of Surrealist theory or passages of appreciation. The theoretical portions suffer from the same fault as the narrative: they have somehow been purified of everything that might give them coherence and point. The manifestoes are approached in so indirect and visibly reluctant a fashion that the reader will have no idea of their content; a number of basic texts, such as Aragon's *Traité du Style*, go unmentioned, while others are slighted. Discussion of individual works or individual artists is frequently more courageous—that is to say, the issues are often raised and sometimes even frontally attacked, and it is ungrateful to criticize these portions of the book. All the same, I have to say that they go either too far or not far enough. No one expects the vast problems they raise to be answered; but if these problems are raised at all,

* Marcel Jean, *The History of Surrealist Painting* (Grove Press, \$17.50).

† The exhibition, organized by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp, will be on view at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis during the month of March, and then proceed to Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art and museums on the West Coast and in South America.



René Magritte, *The Tree*.

Surrealist Events

they ought at least to be given a clear formulation, and this they fail to receive.

In brief, the book seems to have been laudable in its intention, but such as we have it, it is incomplete, confusing and confused—altogether, an unworthy successor to Maurice Nadeau's excellent *Histoire du Surréalisme*. It has, however, one great merit: Marcel Jean knows thoroughly and has fully grasped the importance of De Chirico's novel, *Hebdomeros*, published in 1929. I do not mean this ironically. *Hebdomeros* may be a minor work; if so, it is merely a minor masterwork, and it has been most undeservedly neglected. It resumes an entire decade, at the least—a pre-Surrealist decade, unfortunately for this *History of Surrealist Painting*.

THE exhibition at the D'Arcy Galleries may also be called incomplete, confusing and confused, but it is these things with a difference, for it embodies its failings at first hand, not in the text of a commentator whose business it should be to unravel such matters. I think the visitor's reactions will also be beset by contradictions, as many as he sees in the exhibition itself—but this, perhaps, is the fault of the times: things are publicized to such an extent that you end by either not reacting to them or not knowing how you have reacted. One thing you do know—indeed, from the relentless bombardment of images and names it is all you have salvaged: a general "look" that enables you to "place" a work or rather a *style*, for the individual experience has given way to a category that, in fact, subsumes only its manner.

Surrealism has suffered especially cruelly from this sort of operation, but the deformation has been in great part self-imposed. Since the Paris exhibition of 1938 we have come to expect certain things: a velvet Gothicism à la Mrs. Radcliffe

or Walpole; walls and ceilings worked into undulations phallic, vulvar or mammary; stiffened tears and jewels of an icy fire; something white somewhere, whether cobwebs, mannequin or spirit, but in any case brilliantly spotlighted—Tiffany's windows, but for the bona fide voyeur! Certainly, by now we find this trite, but we expect it, we enjoy it, and it has its effect.

The present exhibition has none of it. What we have been taught to seize as opportunities are wasted all over the place: a niche that fairly cries out for a urinal or a bidet has only a conventional bench for its furniture; there is a trio of chickens, but they are caged off; and—supreme iconoclasm—while a painting has been shut in with the chickens, it has been put on a shelf where they can't get at it. We are left with a plastic garden hose trailing along the floor, a child's bicycle hung upside down from the ceiling, and that's about it. The wall-to-wall carpeting, white walls and walnut paneling puncture whatever rhetoric the setting may have had. Perhaps, as I have suggested, this kind of conventionality was meant to be the ultimate in Surrealist shock, although I doubt it. Anyway, it is preferable to the usual manner. The habitual Surrealist installation doubtless casts its spell, but with unfortunate results: it dissolves the works into an ambience, so that if ever they had concentration it is diffused; their drama becomes melodrama and theater, theatricality. The achievement denies everything that is most valuable in the Surrealist movement—not so much the emphasis on the unconscious as the sexuality to which the unconscious leads. It is perfectly true that *this* sexuality, equally remote from sex and love, is without an external object and so could lend itself well enough to the rhetoric and play of the Surrealist décor; but only at the price of normalizing the quite particularly fixated, obsessional quality that gives it its being.

For the fixity of the best of these works is astonishing, and even now they retain this presence with the immediacy they must



Victor Brauner, *Ego, Id and . . .* (1939).



Salvador Dalí, costume design for *Dream of Venus* (1939).



Clovis Trouille, *The Fortress*.

have had when they first appeared, seeming as though they had stopped the flow of time and existed forever. I am thinking of works like Man Ray's *Gift* or René Magritte's *The Tree* in the D'Arcy exhibition. I say it is "as though" these works enjoyed a purer, or rather denser, mode of existence than others, because actually I think it is only a manner of speaking; in the fact that one must use just a figure of speech, it seems to me, lies the vast superiority, indeed the incomparability, of these earlier works to such recent pieces as Jasper Johns's targets, flags or flashlights, to which they are often compared.

It is true that, when we first ask ourselves what comprises the "infinitely problematical and troubling destiny" of these works, as Breton put it, we think it must be a matter of existence. And Annette Michelson has reminded us of Max Ernst's analysis of Lautréamont: "The sudden confrontation of a ready-made reality, whose naïve function seems to have been determined once and for all (an umbrella), with another, completely unrelated and equally absurd reality (a sewing machine) in a place which is strange to them both (a dissection table), permits the ready-made reality to escape its naïve, intended purpose, its own identity; it passes, by a detour through the relative, from a false absoluteness to a new form of absoluteness."* Nothing would seem more apt to the enigmatic rightness of Magritte's incongruities. Breton spoke of the "power of hallucination" in such images, as "poetic creations" took on a

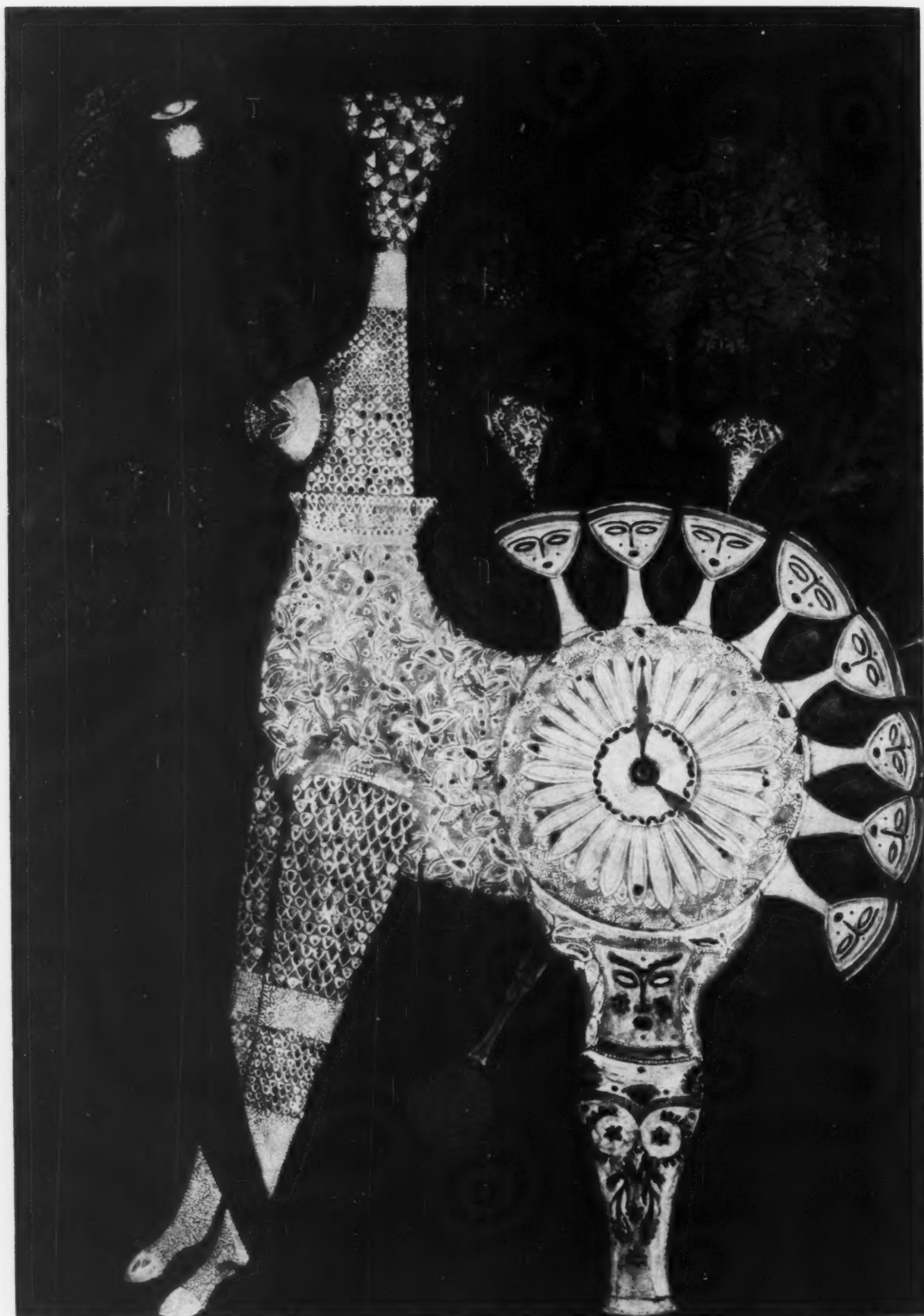
"tangible" nature and "extended the limits of the real" by living their own life; and he sensed the same quality in the verbal ready-mades—puns like Duchamp's *faut-il mettre la moelle de l'épée dans le poil de l'aimée?* or Desnos' *dans un temple en stuc de pomme, le pasteur distillait le suc des psaumes*. The logic of such phrases, he felt, possessed a "mathematical rigor" of its own; these words "control our thoughts." Behind all this, of course, was Breton's original notion of the Surrealist "artist" as an *appareil enregistreur*, a mere recording device, the "mute receptacle of so many echoes."

It becomes, however, natural to ask, echoes of what? Breton himself had raised the question in noting that the verbal ready-mades seemed to distill a certain "energy." Whence comes the space that seems to surround and freeze these images, and what informs it? It would seem that Max Ernst was the first to have chanced upon the answer, and at a very early date (1919), while looking through an illustrated catalogue of geological and biological specimens. This catalogue juxtaposed "elements of figuration so remote that the sheer absurdity of the collection provoked a sudden intensification of the visionary faculties in me and brought forth an hallucinatory succession of contradictory signs . . . These visions themselves called for new planes . . . It was enough then to add to these catalogue pages, in painting or drawing, and thereby obediently reproducing only that which was to be seen within me, a color, a pencil mark, a landscape foreign to the represented objects . . . to obtain a faithful fixed image of my hallucination."

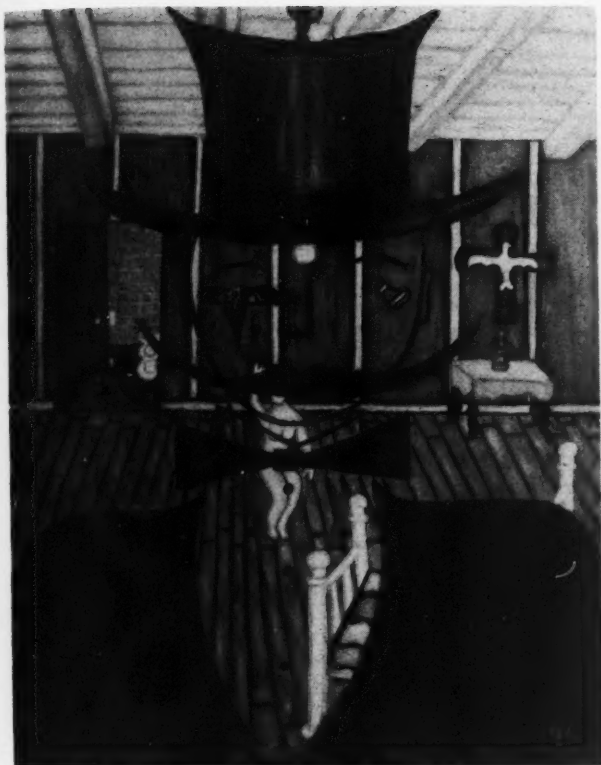
It would seem, in other words, that the image no longer stood fixed within its own space—the air it breathed was "foreign" to it and itself was no longer an "absolute" presence

* See Annette Michelson's "But Eros Sulks" (ARTS, March, 1960).

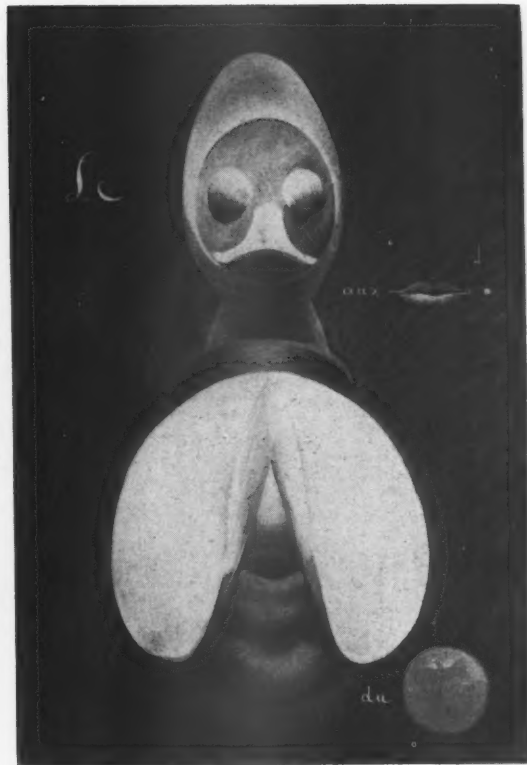
Surrealist Events



Max-Walter Svanberg, *La Femme Sombre à la Rencontre de l'Animal Porcelainier* (1959).



William Copley, *The Bedroom* (1958).



Ernst, *Canard du Doute aux Lèvres de Vermouth* (1948).

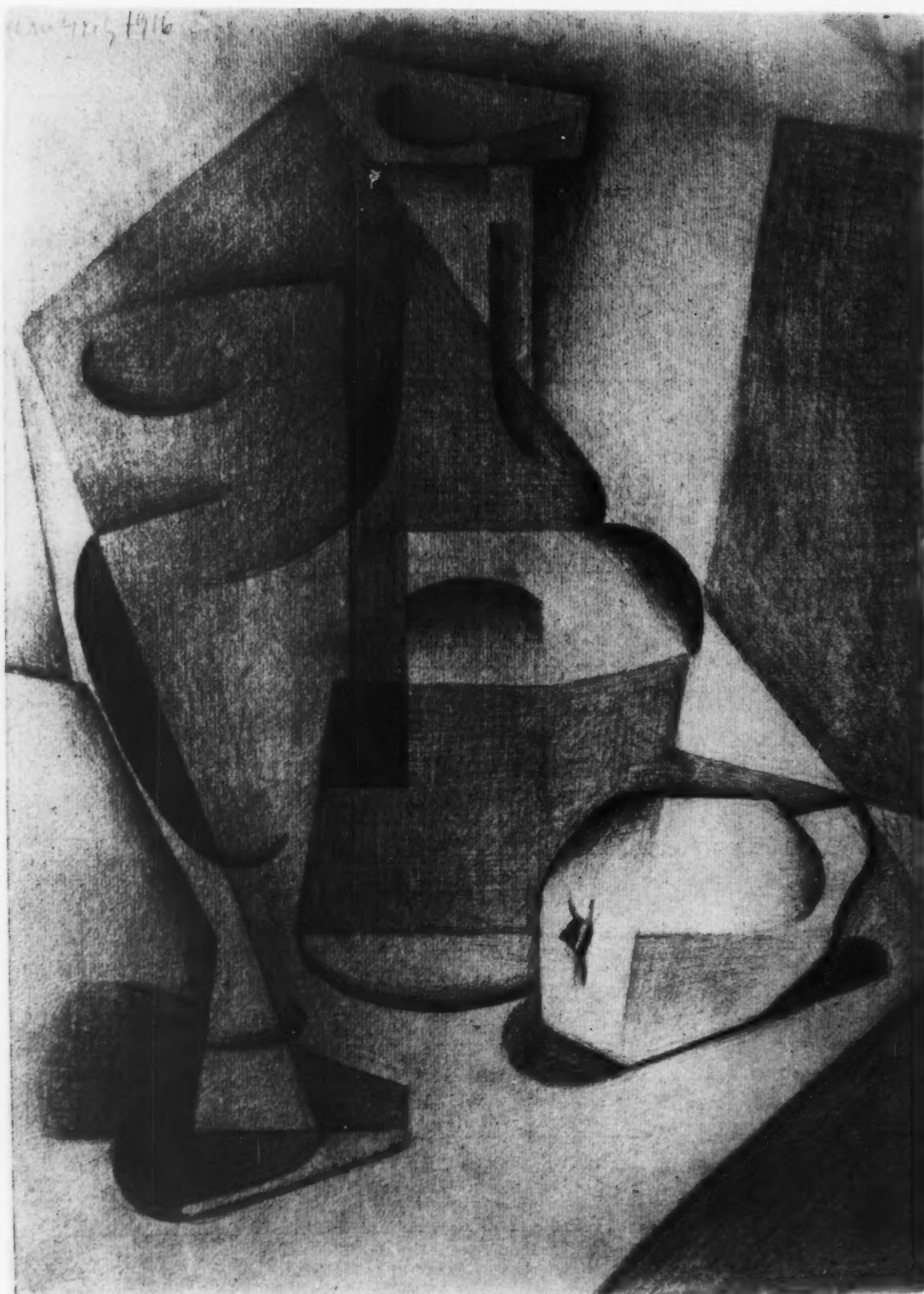
with a "power of hallucination" (Breton, not Ernst) of its own, but rather a "sign" of "only that [hallucination] which was to be seen within" a person. To free the object or the image from its utilitarian or naturalistic context is not to confer on it an existence more real than our own. On the contrary, *because* it seems so gratuitous it can exist only as a vehicle for our fantasies. Man Ray's *The Enigma of Isidore Ducasse*—his masterpiece, I think—is a paragon of such works. As it happens, the piece is constructed of a sewing machine covered with sackcloth and bound with a cord; but the fact that the fabric conceals a sewing machine is incidental, precisely since the object is concealed—there might have been coal sacks instead. The emancipated object becomes merely a foil, no longer secreting its own "energy" but attracting, polarizing ours. Its virtue lies in its capacity to do this, in the resonance with which it "echoes" our voice.

But here we may ask a further question: *which* of our Protean energies, which of the myriad voices we can command? It is a little unfortunate that the answer to this question is best provided by Dali's famous doctrine of "critical paranoia"—the Surrealists usually phrased their theory clumsily, and Dali's manner of presenting his *trouvailles* is always dubious, to say the least. In fact, Marcel Jean treats "critical paranoia" as a poor, if somehow successful, joke, asserting that Breton, in taking it up so wholeheartedly, "failed to recognize the artist's sense of humor . . . [Dali] was a dazzlingly intellectual acrobat with a matchless instinct for 'sensitizing' the most worthless themes . . . all this with a terribly cretinizing intention which did not spare his own friends."

It may be. Nevertheless, "critical paranoia" gave Breton the key he had been looking for—at least on the level of theory,

since in practice he had already used its consequences. After all, what the paranoiac does is to bend external reality to his purpose, imposing, as a further step, his obsession on other people. Here is no longer that characteristic Surrealist passivity, that availability to any breeze that chances by; we are, as Breton was quick to see, "at opposite poles from the mechanical reproduction of automatism and the dream." In leaving them behind, in turning instead to a kind of *will* that was to make the Surrealists something more like artists than "recording devices," Breton found the secret of the "objective hazard" embodied in his finest work in prose, *L'Amour Fou*: "the meeting of an external causality with an internal finality." For what brings them together? "A common denominator situated in the spirit of man and which is nothing other than his desire." Dali's doctrine is simply a "new affirmation, supported by formal proof, of the omnipotence of desire that, since the outset, has been the alpha and omega of the Surrealist creed."

TO RETURN to our starting point, then, it appears that the particular presence of Surrealist images at their best stems not from the special density of their existence, for our fantasy has annihilated them. It stems from what the Surrealist poet René Char was later to call the "dust" of this nonexistence, of the annihilation in which an image is born. It further appears that this "paranoid" or "hallucinatory" annihilation is the work of our desire, an eroticism which the image reflects, both in the process of its becoming and the substance of its being. The Surrealist contribution to the visual arts has been to remind us of this truth—with the invitation that, as we recollect it in a gallery, we allow ourselves to live it in our lives.



Juan Gris, *Still Life* (1916).



Joan Miró, *Still Life with Old Shoe* (1937).

The Soby Collection at Knoedler's

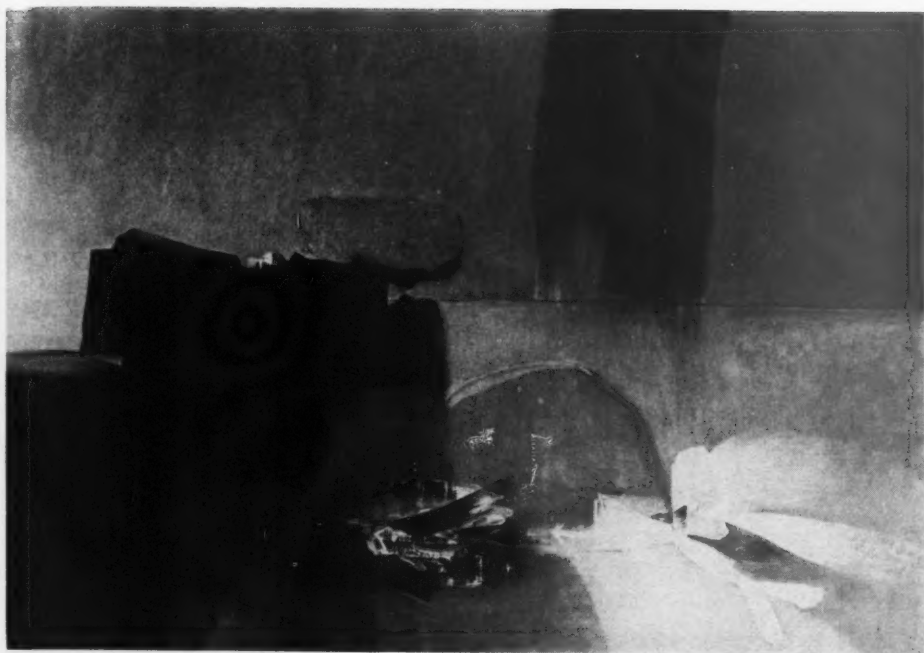
Some seventy paintings, drawings and sculptures from the collection of James Thrall Soby will be on view at the Knoedler Gallery in New York until February 25. Pledged or already given to the Museum of Modern Art, the works are being shown in a benefit exhibition for the museum's library. Featured are major canvases by Picasso, Miró and Gris, as well as eight oils and a drawing by Giorgio de Chirico—probably the most important extant collection, private or public, of this artist's work. The showing offers an extensive representation of Surrealist artists, among them Tanguy, Matta, Dali, Tchelitchev, Max Ernst and Kay Sage. Also on display is a selection of the numerous books Mr. Soby has written on the art of this century.



Fernando de Szyszlo,
Yacur Fiesta II (1960).

Latin American Art in Boston

"Latin America: New Departures," an exhibition of some forty paintings by eleven leading contemporary Latin American artists, is being featured by Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art until March 5. Organized by Institute director Thomas M. Messer in collaboration with Time, Inc., the exhibition presents work by Ricardo Martinez of Mexico, Armando Morales of Nicaragua, Alejandro Otero of Venezuela, Manabu Mabe of Brazil, Fernando de Szyszlo of Peru, Alejandro Obregón of Colombia, and, from Argentina, José Antonio Fernández-Muro, Sarah Grilo, Miguel Ocampo, Kazuya Sakai and Clorindo Testa. After its Boston showing the exhibition will go on view in the Time-Life Building in New York, and then, under the Institute's auspices, travel to museums throughout the United States.



Alejandro Obregón, *The Approaching Cyclone* (1960).



Sarah Grilo, *Gray and Deep Blue* (1960).



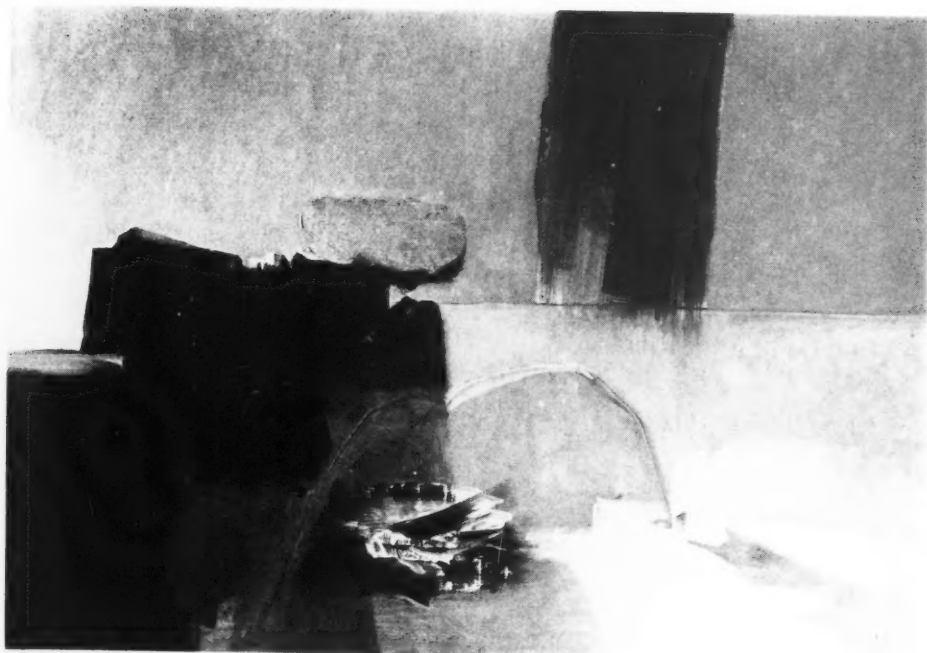
Alejandro Otero,
Coloritmo No. 71 (1960).



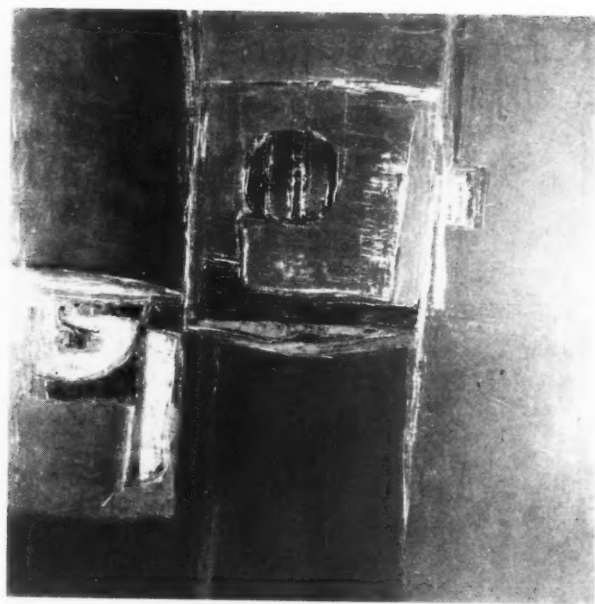
Fernando de Szyszlo,
Yanvar Fiesta II (1960).

Latin American Art in Boston

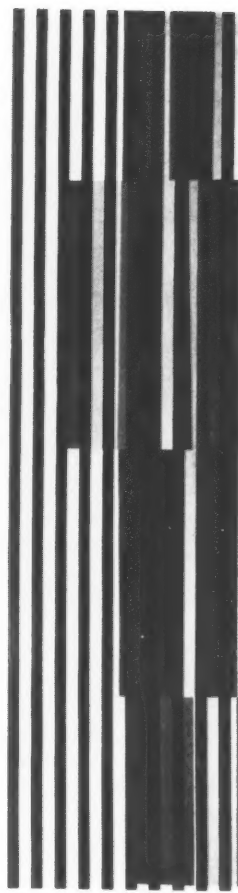
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Alejandro Obregón, *The Approaching Cyclone* (1960).



Sarah Grilo, *Gray and Deep Blue* (1960).



Alejandro Otero, *Coloritmo No. 71* (1960).



Still Life (1912); collection Ione and Hudson Walker.

HOMAGE TO MARSDEN HARTLEY

The American painter Marsden Hartley (1877-1943) is currently the subject of a retrospective exhibition which, under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, is touring European museums. Selected by Dr. W. J. H. B. Sandberg, the director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, it goes on view in that city this month after being shown first at the McNay Art Institute in San Antonio. The exhibition, whose itinerary is listed on page 44, will return to America after its European tour. For this occasion, the Editors of ARTS present two essays on Hartley's life and work as it looks today, nearly two decades after his death.

The Painter from Maine

BY GORHAM MUNSON

MARSDEN HARTLEY's life described a full circle. It began in one of Maine's very few manufacturing cities. In flight from his native state, Hartley painted in New York, Taos, Berlin, Paris, Aix-en-Provence, Bavaria, Bermuda, Mexico City and other places before becoming a New Englander again. After decades of cosmopolitan life, he came back to Maine and died at Ellsworth in the fall of 1943. His ashes were scattered in the Androscoggin, the river that flows by the city of his birth.

Hartley is said to have felt scorn for his native state for many years, but finally when he looked back he wrote:

I admire my native city because
it is part of the secret rite
of love of place.

He did not, however, forget in this poem, *Lewiston Is a Pleasant Place*, some of the unpleasantness of his childhood.

My childhood which was hard, it is always
hard to be alone at the wrong time,
brought seizures of intensity to the years;
the harsh grinding of the mills rang in
my ears for years—and a sordid sort of music
came out of it. . . .

Lewiston in 1877, when Edmund Hartley (as Marsden was christened) was born, was a noisy textile manufacturing city. Water power from the Androscoggin had attracted capital there for the operation of many mills, and the mills drew workers even from overseas. "My father," Hartley wrote, "was a cotton spinner from the Lancashire cotton belt." He came from the Wuthering Heights section to Lewiston in 1860. He sent for Eliza Jane Horbury of Staylybridge near Manchester, and in due time she came over and married him. Edmund, who took the name of Marsden from his father's second wife, was the only son, the ninth and last child of the union with Eliza Jane Horbury.

French Canadians also flocked to Lewiston, and the city became virtually bilingual. Hartley liked them.

The Canadians came to the city—giving it new

life, new fervors, new charms, new vivacities, lighter touches, pleasant shades of cultivation, bringing no harm to the city, bringing what it now has—a freshening of city style, richer sense of plain living.

Hartley balances his memories of Lewiston. There were

The mills and factories that were once gigantic
in the vision of a child, monstrous, terrifying,
prison-like. . . .

but there were also the walks with his father:

Spring—
and myself walking with my father along the
edges of a cool clear stream, gathering water cresses,
trilliums, dogtooth violets, and in
the fall—at times—mushrooms;
white violets and blue, growing on little hillocks
with trailing evergreens and boxberry leaves
with pink edges of bay-tender leaves,
and here and there, pushing up out of the snow,
the arbutus or, as we called them, Mayflowers.

And always there was

the Androscoggin
forever flowing solemnly through my brain,
coursing in and out of my flesh and bone,
as it still does, sacredly.

He remembered that

Lumber was once a great industry; we all saw the
log-drives and jams above the falls, tumbling down
over the waters at West Pitch, settling into
jackstraw patterns. . . .

Nearby was a mountain:

On the breast of David's Mountain
many an adolescent dream was slain,
later to be snatched from early death
when manhood gave them back their breath
again.

Homage to Marsden Hartley

One more vignette from Hartley's childhood in Lewiston, this one from his poem *Family Album in Red Plush*. Hartley is speaking of his father:

Then he was bill-poster for my cousin Horbury who owned the local theater for forty years, who was an interesting but thoroughly disliked man. He was handsome with red beard and high red hair rising from his stiff forehead. I can still see him talking in front of the bank at the head of the street with the three Ricker brothers of Poland Spring, and we may be sure they settled many local things—they too with long beards looking like Yankee Brigham Youngs. So my father posted the long handsome bills for Joe Jefferson, in *The Rivals* and *Rip Van Winkle*, Margaret Mather in Shakespeare—Modjeska, Januscheck, Booth, Barret, McCullough, somebody Kean in *Nick of the Woods*, Ullie Ackerstrom in *Fanchon the Cricket*—I can remember being thrilled when she came through a window in rags with a real live hen under her left arm, which as a little boy I thought was great acting.

So, for about fifteen years, Hartley lived in this pleasant place of his recollections, although he has also said that "I had a childhood vast with terror and surprise." Here at Lewiston he went to grammar school but never further, an unfortunate stop for one who was to attempt essays and poems without any training in the literary arts. And here at the age of thirteen the boy executed precise drawings of moths, butterflies and flowers for a local naturalist.

The family moved to Cleveland, Ohio, but the impression of Maine had sunk deep into Hartley and would be indelible. It was an impression of what Hartley called "the magic of reality itself, wondering why one thing was built of exquisite curves and another of harmonic angles. It was not a scientific passion in me, it was merely my sensing of the world of visible beauty around me, pressing in on me with the vehemence of splendor, on every side." Hartley explained that "I was merely taught by nature to follow, as if led by a rare tender hand, the then almost unendurable beauty that lay on every side of me. It was pain then, to follow beauty, because I didn't understand beauty."

Hartley thought that his youth was like the youth of Odilon Redon: "not a youth of athleticism so much as a preoccupation with wonder and the imminence of beauty surrounding all things."



Military (1913);
collection Ione and Hudson Walker.

Marsden Hartley's art education began in earnest in Cleveland, and he managed to acquire a good one in the next eight years. In 1892 he was studying with John Semon. Winning a scholarship at the Cleveland School of Art, he studied there under Cullen Yates and Nina Waldeck. The latter lent him a volume of Emerson's *Essays*. It was the first book Hartley read, and it intoxicated him. He also joined a sketch class conducted by Caroline Sowers.

Around 1898, and therefore when he was about twenty-one, Hartley came to New York. He studied at the Chase School with F. Luis Mora, Frank Vincent Du Mond and William M. Chase. In 1900 he was at the National School of Design working under George Maynard, Edwin H. Blashfield, F. J. Dillman and Edgar Ward. In his zeal for instruction he also attended an artists' and artisans' school on East 33rd Street.

In the summer of 1900 Hartley returned to Lewiston to paint. His credo then was that he was not primarily concerned with drawing but with color. Thereafter for some years he spent his summers in the charming southwest part of Maine, near the New Hampshire border, a region of lakes, hills and mountains, stopping variously at Stoneham Valley, North Bridgeton and Center Lovell. At North Bridgeton in 1901, Hartley expected to associate with "artist socialists"; he looked forward to meeting such painters as Douglas Volk and George de Forest Brush who had a summer place there. It was very inexpensive in Maine in those days, and when the art dealer N. E. Montross found that Hartley was "making do" on four dollars a week, he offered to send money to Hartley at that rate but in monthly payments for two years—"a complete gift," said Hartley, "which helped enormously to send me on my way." Montross did something else of great value for Hartley. He showed him a marine painting by Albert P. Ryder. Entranced by it, Hartley later met the recluse painter, became his friend and wrote about him, and received beneficent influence from his work.

Very few paintings of Hartley's early Maine period have been seen or reproduced. The writer has seen only one that represents the young Hartley who spoke of communion with beautiful nature. It is *Landscape No. 29*, an oil, with the probable date of 1907. In this the artist is painting nature and is aiming to express nature. In 1908 there was a sharp break with such landscape painting; the small oils of that and the following three years were Post-Impressionistic. Hartley had discovered in a reproduction in *Jugend* the Segantini "stitch" and used it with attention-getting effect in *Maine Snowstorm*, *Autumn*, *Carnival of Autumn* and *Storm Clouds, Maine*.

It is necessary to explain that Segantini is a now-forgotten Swiss painter who applied to his canvas long flecks of paint that gave the effect of stitches. In imitating Segantini, or emulating him if you prefer, Hartley gave the first sign of the eclecticism that was to feature his career so prominently. Eclecticism or a superior faddism—it was sometimes hard to draw the line. But he was soon to be done with the elaborate impasto, sometimes more than an eighth of an inch deep; he was to drop the Segantini "stitch" as if it were a fad. At the same time, in 1909, Hartley was painting dark landscapes, such as *Deserted Farm*, which showed a strong Ryder influence, and this working under different influences concurrently was to be another surprising trait of the maturing artist.

ON July 1, 1919, a forty-nine-year-old water-colorist whose name, John Marin, was becoming known, wrote to his lifelong friend Alfred Stieglitz. Marin had discovered the village of Stonington on Deer Isle in East Penobscot Bay, and in the letter to Stieglitz from there he remarked that "Hartley surely came out of Maine," for he had seen two or three natives who looked strikingly like him. "If that rainbow chaser [Hartley]

could only have remained here" in Maine, Marin sighed, and then quickly added, "but then, how do I know?"

Alfred Stieglitz was the discoverer of Marsden Hartley and was for many years the chief promoter of his art. In 1909 he gave him his first one-man exhibition at the Photo-Secession Gallery ("291") in New York. He was to give him exhibitions at the Photo-Secession Gallery four times more—in 1912, 1914, 1916, 1917. Then he was to show Hartley at the Intimate Gallery in 1929, and at An American Place in 1930, 1936 and 1937—nine exhibitions in all during their long association. At the outset Stieglitz saluted Hartley in his magazine, *Camera Work*, as a painter who expressed himself in a personal way, employed an unusual technique and used brilliant color for a decorative rather than a realistic effect.

It is of some interest that Stieglitz, who was usually a powerful encourager of native tendencies in American painting, was instrumental in making an internationalist of Hartley. With the aid of Arthur B. Davies, he helped raise funds to send Hartley to Europe in 1912. Hartley came back at the end of 1915. Then in 1921 Stieglitz organized a highly successful auction of Hartley's paintings at the Anderson Gallery, and this time Hartley went abroad for nine years.

But Hartley did not have to go abroad to become enamored of the avant-garde painters of the period. They captivated him as their work hung on the walls of Stieglitz's little gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue. There in 1908 he saw work by the Fauve Matisse, and by 1910 he had been won over to Neo-Impressionistic still lifes—"another of our 'Fauves,'" a critic was to remark of him in 1912.

Hartley was captivated as swiftly by works of Picasso and Cézanne which he saw at "291" in 1910 and 1911. His *Landscape No. 32*, a water color of 1911, was obviously painted soon after he first studied the Analytical Cubism of Picasso. And his *Still Life, Fruit*, also painted in 1911, shows with equal obviousness that he had simultaneously studied the Cézannes on Stieglitz's walls.

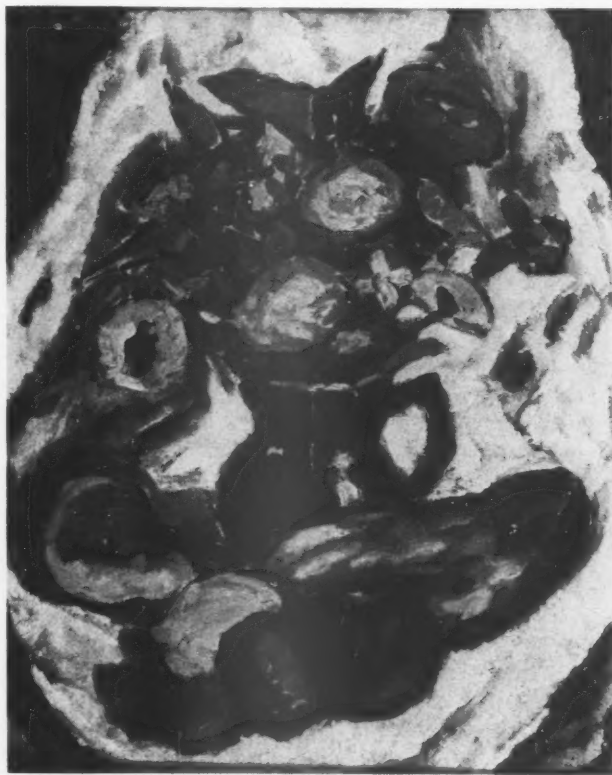
In short, Hartley was then very much a member of the avant-garde. He was a figure in the great early days of Greenwich Village. He was to be seen at Mabel Dodge's salon at 23 Fifth Avenue—"that gnarled New England spinster-man," his hostess called him. He was to be seen at that hotbed of the arts, the Liberal Club on MacDougal Street, and, later, at the Société Anonyme of Katherine Dreier. He contributed essays and poems to the avant-garde magazines of the time: the *Seven Arts*, the *Dial*, the *Little Review*. And abroad he was at once accepted by the avant-garde, as happened when he went to Berlin late in 1912.

The Blue Rider group had been organized by Franz Marc and Wassily Kandinsky a year or so earlier, and at the invitation of Marc, Hartley exhibited with this group at Munich in 1913. Later that year he exhibited in the First German Autumn Salon in Berlin, organized by *Der Sturm*. The Kandinsky influence was especially potent. Hartley had already read excerpts from Kandinsky's revolutionary treatise on color, *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, before coming to Europe. Now he made application of Kandinsky's theory in such paintings as *Abstraction with Flowers*, *Movements*, *Painting No. 1* and *Painting No. 2* (he even imitated Kandinsky's style of title), and *Bach: Prelude-et-Fugue*.

In Paris, just before moving to Berlin, Hartley had experimented briefly with Symbolism (*One Portrait of One Woman*), but from his Blue Rider contact on for some years he was to be an Expressionist. In 1915 and 1916 he was doing his "Germanic" series, paintings of "movements," of which *Painting No. 5* from the Alfred Stieglitz collection and *Painting No. 48* at the Brooklyn Museum are representative. The "movements"



Self-Portrait (1908); collection Ione and Hudson Walker, on loan to University Gallery, Minneapolis.



Still Life, No. 12 (1910); collection Ione and Hudson Walker, on loan to University Gallery, Minneapolis.

Homage to Marsden Hartley



Movement No. 9 (1916);
collection Ione and Hudson Walker.



Beaver Lake, Lost River (1930);
collection Ione and Hudson Walker.

gaily assaulted us with primary colors on dark grounds composed of swirling stripes, checkered and zigzag patterns, German regimental insignia, Iron Crosses and the like. Hartley was given a one-man exhibition in the house of Max Liebermann in Berlin and was also exhibited in Dresden and Breslau. But German-American relations grew tense, and Hartley wisely returned to America at the end of 1915. (He had been back in 1913, too, and had shown at the famous Armory Show.)

In 1916 he visited Bermuda and then made his way in the summer to Provincetown, where he stayed with John Reed. His paintings could now be described as a series of abstract and semiabstract "movements" with affinity to Cubist composition.

The strand of Maine in Hartley's life was foremost in 1917 when he went to Ogunquit, the Maine fishing village that has become an art colony. In this year Hartley made paintings on glass, flat in design, which one would like to think were inspired by early American folk art, perhaps by the popular art of saloon-window paintings. But it is possible that the inspiration came from Bavarian peasant art.

The glass painting was a digression. Hartley gave up pastels and silver point and continued to be primarily a painter in oils. A few water colors have survived, and on the side he did some drawings and lithographs. But for the next decade the story is one of "series" (plural) of oil paintings in which he went from theme to theme and style to style; his changeability makes for a complicated telling.

His New Mexico stay, 1918-20, was productive mostly of Expressionistic work, a series of high-keyed mountain landscapes. Assisted by a grant from Charles L. Daniel, he lived at Taos and made side trips to Santa Fe and California.

From 1921 to 1930, except for a few months, Hartley lived in Europe, eclectic, changeable, even restless in his avant-gardism. At the outset he sounded like a faddist when he proclaimed "the importance of being 'Dada.'"

If I announce [he wrote] on this bright morning that I am a "Dada-ist" it is not because I find the slightest need for, or importance in, a doctrine of any sort, it is only for convenience of myself and a few others that I take up the issue of adherence. An expressionist is one who expresses himself at all times in any way that is necessary and peculiar to him. A dada-ist is one who finds no one thing more important than any other one thing, and so I turn from my place in the scheme from expressionism to dada-ist with the easy grace that becomes any self-respecting humorist.

The flirtation with Dada was soon over. By 1924 Hartley was in Venice and explaining that he meant to go on from where Cézanne left off. Elizabeth McCausland has pointed out, however, that Hartley in the still lifes and landscapes he was doing at that time went back to the Cézanne of the 1880's for his former models.

The year 1928 foreshadowed the last great change in Hartley's work, which was to come in the 1930's. In 1928 Hartley made a trip from Aix-en-Provence back to the United States and visited Gaston Lachaise at Georgetown, Maine. John Marin came over from Stonington and wrote Stieglitz: "Oh, you ought to see the bunch, the Lachaises, the Strands, and Hartley carrying on as big as life. He [Hartley] sure can be amusing and amuse. We had a feast, a regular shore dinner."

The change was foreshadowed in a remarkable article for *Creative Art* magazine in which Hartley said: "I have joined, once and for all, the ranks of the intellectual experimentalists. I can hardly bear the sound of the words 'expressionism,' 'emotionalism,' 'personality,' and such, because they imply the wish to express personal life, and I prefer to have no personal life." He declared that "I no longer believe in the imagination . . . I have lived the life of the imagination, but at too great an

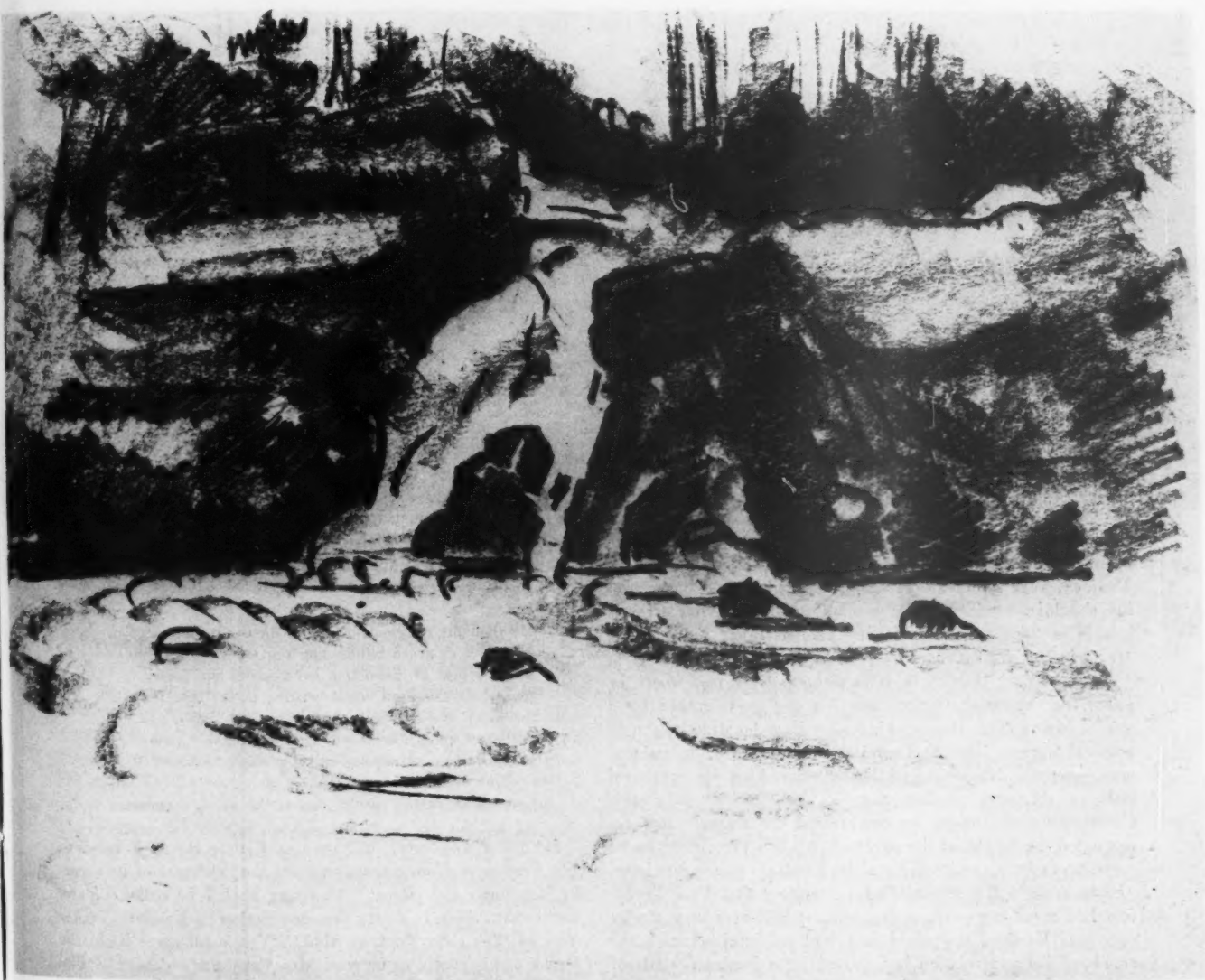
expense." He reviewed his own development: "I personally am indebted to Segantini the impressionist, not Segantini the symbolist, for what I have learned in times past of the mountain and a given way to express it—just as it was Ryder who accentuated my already tormented imagination. Cubism taught me much and the principle of Pissarro, furthered by Seurat, taught me more. These with Cézanne are the great logicians of color. No one will ever paint like Cézanne, for example,—because no one will ever have his peculiar visual gifts." Having come to "the conclusion that it is better to have two colors in right relation to each other than to have a vast confusion of emotional exuberance in the guise of ecstatic fullness or poetical revelation," he sailed for Paris and London. But he was getting ready to make that "complete return to nature," which he thought he had already made when he wrote his *Creative Art* article.

In the spring of 1930 he repatriated himself.

Hartley's repatriation was not an easy or happy process. He came back to Brooklyn and then went to Franconia, New Hampshire. With some justice, it has been said that New

England at this time was a kind of Siberia to Hartley. Glumly, he returned to Brooklyn in November of 1930.

Before his expatriation in 1921, Hartley had identified himself with modern art in America. He had included himself in "a catalogue of names [that] will suffice to indicate the character and variation of the localized degree of expression we are free to call American in type." He listed among others S. Macdonald Wright, Arthur G. Dove, Thomas H. Benton, Abraham Walkowitz, Max Weber, Ben Benn (who painted portraits of Hartley in 1915 and 1924), John Marin, Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler, Andrew Dasburg, William McFee, Man Ray, Walt Kuhn, Georgia O'Keeffe and Stuart Davis, and he added "foreign artists whose work falls into line in the movement toward modern art in America": Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Elie Nadelman. He had seen in Whitman and Cézanne the two great primitives of the modern era, and he had written lovingly of three poetic painters: Homer Martin, George Fuller and Albert P. Ryder. But in his *Creative Art* article in 1928 he had written that "when a painting is evolved from imaginative principles I am strongly inclined to



Waterfall, Morse Pond (1937);
collection Ione and Hudson Walker, on loan to University Gallery, Minneapolis.

Homage to Marsden Hartley

turn away because I have greater faith that intellectual clarity is better and more entertaining than imaginative wisdom or emotional richness." In this article Hartley assumed that he had uprooted himself from American culture. "I am interested then only in the problem of painting, of how to make a better painting according to certain laws that are inherent in the making of a good picture."

It took him some time to put his roots back into New England. He made progress in 1931 when he went to Gloucester. His work reveals a renewed interest in the New England landscape, and he found unusual subjects at the unfrequented geological site of Dogtown, Cape Ann. "Dogtown," he noted, "looks like a cross between Easter Island and Stonehenge—essentially druidic in appearance."

A letter from Gloucester that Hartley wrote to Carl Sprinchorn late in 1931 gives us a glimpse of his struggle to put down his roots again in American life and establish connection with the Hartley who had admired Ryder, Fuller and Martin, Walt Whitman, Emerson and Emily Dickinson. "I am clearing my mind of all art nonsense," he wrote, possibly thinking of his rootless *Creative Art* article, "trying to accomplish simplicity and purity of vision for Life itself, for that is more important to me than anything else in my life. I am trying to return to the earlier conditions of my inner life, and take out of experience as it has come to me in the intervening years that which has enriched it, and make something of it more than just intellectual diversion. It can be done with proper attention and that is to be my mental and spiritual occupation from now on."

We get another glimpse of the inward thoughts of Hartley at this time of repatriation in a statement he made to S. M. Kootz, the art critic. "Returned to America in 1930," Hartley said, "to escape the Americanization of Europe. Esthetic ideas: from belief in the imagination, then in expressionism, and now, the return to nature as the only relief from present hyper-intellectualism and fear of the objective world. Reasons for painting: clarification of self."

His work in Mexico may be summarized as deeply colored landscapes, frequently combined with esoteric symbols, as in *Yliaster (Paracelsus) Mexico*. He came back to the pyramid as a basic proportion—twenty years earlier he had been impressed by Kandinsky's thought on the pyramid—and painted Popocatepetl as a fundamental form of nature, adding a sexual symbolism to it. This was a change from his 1928 studies of Mont-Sainte-Victoire in which he had modified his pyramid by broadening the base and widening the angle of the peak.

In Mexico he saw the poet Hart Crane, who dressed like a Mexican, huge sombrero crowning his head, a fine serape over his shoulder, a silver chain around his neck. After Crane's suicide in the Caribbean, Hartley painted *Eight Bells' Folly: Memorial for Hart Crane*, a symbolic hymn to death.

From Mexico, Hartley in 1933 went to Germany, where he found life congenial despite Hitler—a strange tolerance for a son of Maine even after making allowance for Hartley's non-political nature. Here at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, he painted monochromatic landscapes of the Bavarian Alps. He continued utilizing the pyramid but now, as in *Waldenstein Peaks, Garmisch-Partenkirchen*, he compressed the triangle and accentuated the height of the pyramid. All this turned out to be preparation for his series of Katahdin paintings some years later.

Now in 1934 Hartley fulfilled a prophecy that Paul Rosenfeld had made ten years earlier. At the end of a very murky essay on Hartley, Rosenfeld had had an intuition and the clouds of his appreciation had parted for a luminous shaft of understanding. "Some day," Rosenfeld had written in *Port of New York*, "perhaps some day not so far distant, Hartley will have to go back to Maine. For it seems that flight from Maine

is in part flight from his deep feelings. It was down east that he was born and grew and lived a great many of his years. There dwell the people to whom he is closest akin; there is the particular landscape among which his decisive experiences were gotten; there every tree and mountain wall is reminiscent of some terrible or wonderful day. And when he has to make his peace with life, it is to this soil, so it would appear, that he must return. Here are his own people; the ones he must accept and understand and cherish. For among them only can he get the freedom of his own soul."

From New York in 1934 Marsden Hartley went to Bangor, the charming little city that stands at the head of steamer navigation on the Penobscot and was once the lumber capital of the world. In an unpublished essay, *This Country of Maine*, Hartley recalls the sensation he experienced when his train crossed the Piscataqua River from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on one bank to Kittery, Maine, on the other. He has a sense of "coming home to my own country," a sense of "coming into quite another country for it is in a spiritual sense another world." When he reached South Berwick, Sarah Orne Jewett came to mind, and he knew he was in "the country of the pointed firs"—"for it is another country, for the obvious reasons that a life of its own has been going on for a long time, the traditions of which still linger and keep the flavour that is known to all of us who return, as home."

It all came back to him in the remaining years of his life. He was out of the state of Maine in 1935 when he went to Bermuda and Nova Scotia (for a short time he seems to have been on the WPA Art Project in New York). And in 1936 he was again away, way Down East in Nova Scotia, but most of the time until his death in 1943 he was in Maine. In 1937 he stayed at Georgetown, Maine, and thought about his old friend, Gaston Lachaise, who had died in 1935. In an unpublished fragment Hartley described Lachaise's little white house at Robin Hood Cove and remembered the sea gull in alabaster Lachaise had made. In 1939 Hartley lived in Bangor, in Portland and in West Brooksville near the Bagaduce tidal river. For a time he painted at Vinalhaven. His final Maine home was the tiny fishing village of Corea on the Gouldsboro Peninsula.

He read Maine authors. Edwin Arlington Robinson he thought was "perhaps the greatest American poet since Whitman . . . in the regional essential quality, Robinson was Homeric in his grasp of human experience." Edna St. Vincent Millay he said was "in her essential way likewise a Yankee, for her verse is always crisp, terse and brilliant." He remembered a poet who used to live in Lewiston:

My thoughts returned to a white house in Howe Street,
a home with green blinds, the front ones always shut,
where a poet of distinction lived, wrote fine poetry,
cooked Savarinesque foods, writing poetry that few knew
the worth of—and almost none know the value, now.
Wallace Gould, if he is still fact, is a man of great
legend to us now, none of us know where he is,
or if he even lives at all.
Gould was, in the careful use of the word, a genius.

He had a wonderful time reading Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's *The Penobscot Man*, esteeming it for the "richness of its veracity, freshness and charm." "A living book," he called it, and noted that "there is a very fine description of Katahdin in her story of 'The Grey Rock of Abol.'" Yes, it all came back, the Maine of his youth, as he read Mrs. Eckstorm's classic. "I like this Penobscot Man because it recovers for me during a long absence and I now feel like saying since I have returned, the long privation all of those pungent memories that a Maine born



Mount Katahdin, Autumn No. 1 (1939-40);
collection University of Nebraska Art Galleries.

person can recall, and especially those who were born on the banks of one of its chief rivers. I can see perfectly now, those log jams in the falls at West Pitch in Lewiston, can see the men running from log to log above the falls, can see the boiling waters and feel the thick spray that floats away from it. I can see also in winter, ourselves, the kids of the period skating on the edges of the river, so as to keep out of the path of the horse races on the ice up river and back, then later the black square holes where the ice has been cut and stowed away in sawdust for summer use, and is still being stowed away, because the ice is good ice, and not every one can have the machinery to make his own, and for myself should never want river ice, for all the things it would do to my memory."

And so, when Hartley wrote his manifesto of regionalism for his exhibition at An American Place, he was speaking from essence when he called himself a "Maine-iac."

"The essential nativeness of Maine remains as it was, and the best Maine-iacs are devout with purposes of defense," he

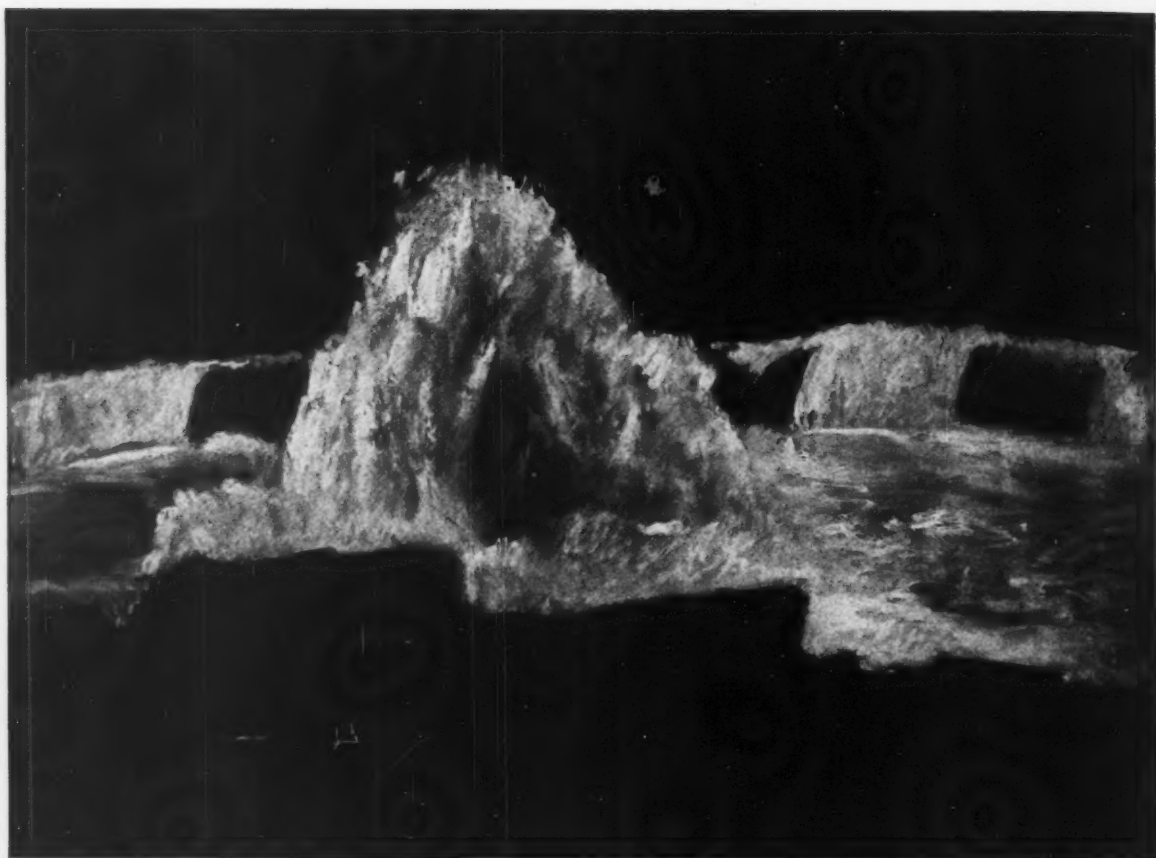
said in his manifesto. "On the Subject of Nativeness—A Tribute to Maine." "The Androscoggin, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot flow down to the sea as solemnly as ever, and the numberless inland lakes harbour the loon, and give rest to the angles of geese making south or north according to season, and the black bears roam over the mountain tops as usual . . . Nativeness is built of such primitive things, and whatever is one's nativeness, one holds and never loses no matter how far afield the traveling may be."

Then came his declaration which again was from essence. "This quality of nativeness is coloured by heritage, birth, and environment, and it is therefore for this reason that I wish to declare myself the painter from Maine."

"We are subjects of our nativeness, and are at all times happily subject to it, only the mollusk, the chameleon, or the sponge being able to effect dissolution of this aspect. . . .

"And so I say to my native continent of Maine, be patient and forgiving, I will soon put my cheek to your cheek, expect-

Homage to Marsden Hartley



Evening Storm, Schoodic, Maine (1942);
collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.

ing the welcome of the prodigal, and be glad of it, listening all the while to the slow, rich, solemn music of the Androscoggin, as it flows along."

It is easy, of course, to write a manifesto of regionalism, but hard to extract a regional art from one's depths. From his depths Hartley wrote one of his best poems about his old faith made new:

Return of the Native

Rock, juniper, and wind,
and a seagull sitting still—
all these of one mind.
He who finds will
to come home
will surely find old faith
made new again,
and lavish welcome.

Old things breaketh
new, when heart and soul
lose no whit of old refrain;
it is a smiling festival
when rock, juniper, and wind
are of one mind;
a seagull signs the bond—
makes what was broken, whole.

Hartley's return to nature in his Maine period, 1934-43, was complete. Nature was his theme and nature was his source, and he painted nature with great honesty. He achieved a simplicity that was powerful and even brusque at times. He excelled in color, finally letting deep color play the role of deep space in his compositions. He achieved beautiful relationships of dark greens (forest trees), browns and rusts (earth and rocks) posed against the dark blue of Maine coastal water and skies of lighter blue that were crossed by white clouds.

He became the painter of Maine motifs. The mountain—and Maine has in Mount Katahdin a mile-high massive mountain on which first fall in the United States the rays of the rising sun. The little white village church. The sea gulls wheeling and following. The wave-beset lighthouse. Logs avalanching from forest to mill. Lobster fishermen and their gear. Sea-shell still life. The wave rolling up on Old Orchard Beach or rearing above a rocky shore. But not often did Hartley paint the sailing-vessel motif which appealed so strongly to his contemporary, John Marin, also a "Maine-iac."

It was a period of technical advance right up to his death from a heart attack at the age of sixty-six. When he was painting mountains near Garmisch in Bavaria in 1933, Hartley observed that "my love for mountains never diminishes," and now

the Garmisch-Partenkirchen pictures seemed preparatory to the Mount Katahdin paintings. To his friend, the Maine artist Carl Sprinchorn, Hartley wrote: "After all Hiroshige did 80 wood blocks of Fujiyama, why can't I do 80 Katahdins—and each time I do it I feel I am nearer the truth, even more so than if I were trying to copy nature from the thing itself. No one has ever done mountain portraits anyhow; not a single painter outside of Cézanne who loved the movement of his Ste. Victoire [Hartley too painted Mont-Sainte-Victoire] which in reality was not a mountain at all—but what a design! Curious that there should be so many mountains of the same conical form, and too, Katahdin is only conical at just the spot where I was; you know how it looks broadside—not very attractive as a painting form."

Now in his Katahdin series (such as the oils *Mount Katahdin, Autumn, No. 1*, *Mount Katahdin, Winter, No. 1*, and the drawings, *Mount Katahdin, No. 1*, *Mount Katahdin, No. 2*), Hartley composed a fusion of nature, an abstract concept from his pyramid-study days, and what he had learned from Hiroshige's Fujiyama prints, which he had admired in his early career.

The Maine period saw the culmination in Hartley's use of the "window device," which some have thought he learned from Derain but probably he didn't. The "window" had recurred in Hartley's work—he had painted New Mexico landscapes through windows and Venice landscapes likewise. He had started his Maine period with *New England Fish House* (1934), in which one gazes through a window framed with fishing symbols at a seascape. The culmination came in one of Hartley's greatest pictures, *Camden Hills from Baker's Island, Penobscot Bay*, which he painted around 1938.

As Hartley noted in his comments on Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's *The Penobscot Man*, the old logging operations had a fascination for him. In the Brooklyn Museum is an oil called *Ghosts of the Forest*. In the background is a long, brown shore on which dark firs are growing. In the middleground is blue water, turning white at its lower edge. And in the foreground are brown logs, the dismembered parts of living trees, topped by white logs, bleached out as driftwood, the last giving a ghostly look to the whole picture.

In *Log Jam, Penobscot Bay* (1940), Hartley shows a tumultuous congestion of logs, barrels, lobster traps being pounded by waves. In the same year he painted *Abundance*, the best of his logging pictures. In this picture the dark green forest, tall and dense, with only a little sky showing in the upper left-hand corner, reminds one of Thoreau's phrase for the Maine forest: "a standing night." Nine of the trees have been stripped naked by the axman. In the center and foreground is a great pile of brown logs. At the bottom, resting there as a sort of key to the whole pile, is an upended ax, the head bluish against the logs. To the left a stylized cascade pours off the pile, suggesting that logs can cascade forever out of the forest, despite the intimation of ruin conveyed by the denuded trees.

Hartley was happy in painting sea gulls. The humor of *Give Us This Day* (c. 1938) is delightful; it shows six gulls in the attitudes of saying grace over a meal of three fish. In the composition are incorporated mountainous clouds, the ocean lashing at the rocky coast, and an old three-master. This painting is surpassed by *Scouting the Fish Boat*, which Hartley painted in 1939. This may be the finest painting of sea gulls ever executed. The white and the black areas are strikingly distributed. The little "V" of the most distant gull following the patrol boat is enlarged and repeated effectively in the upper left-hand corner. The three big gulls in the center are wonderfully accented by a fourth gull flying off at an angle. The picture evokes the beating of strong wings, the gliding of intent pursuers (a flock of red in the eye), and a feeling of power

and grace. A singleness of intent purpose animates the seven gulls scouting the fish boat for provender.

A painter of Maine can hardly escape doing a lighthouse scene, and Hartley's *The Lighthouse* (1940-41) is a remarkable one; the steadfastness of the lighthouse and the cliff beside it contrasts with the leaping violence of the waves, their violence heightened by perpendicular clouds.

Seldom painted are those stark, lonely, little white churches one comes upon in the sparsely populated Maine countryside. Hartley has given us two *Church at Hightide* (c. 1937 and 1937-40), two versions of the tiny church in the hamlet where Edwin Arlington Robinson was born, and *Fishermen's Church* (1941-43), with lobster traps piled around its base.

The simplicity and grandeur of Hartley's last decade of painting, of which Monroe Wheeler spoke, are certainly manifest in the portraits of Albert P. Ryder and Abraham Lincoln. Not only did Hartley return to nature in that period; he also made the return to the human figure which had been absent in his Cubist, Expressionist, symbolic phases. Now he did what he called "archaic portraits of the people I loved in Nova Scotia." In these it can be seen that he was influenced by the Mexican painters he had studied during his holding of a Guggenheim fellowship. His *Lobster Fishermen, Corea, Maine* (1940-41), owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is notable for the magnification of the human figures against the diminished background of shore, bay and islands. These stiff, angular, broad-shouldered men dominate the scene. They are primitives of the sea, men of few words who share a common knowledge of the hardness of life. In *The Lifeguard* (1940), a gigantic, deeply tanned guard faces the spectator. Between his legs, back to the viewer, is a small, seated figure on the sand, and on each side of the giant, with backs to the viewer, are two seated figures who are also dwarfed by the great guard.

It was among such primitives of the coast that Hartley spent the last summers of his life. Four long summers—1940, '41, '42, '43—he lived in the Corea home of Forrest Young, lobster fisherman, and Katie, his wife of Hungarian descent. By then his hearing was bad and he had grown heavy and suffered from a heart ailment. But the eyes, clear blue and intense, were as penetrating as ever. And he was productive as ever. In the mornings he wrote in his room. Afternoons he went to an old chicken brooder which he had converted to a studio, and there he painted. In one summer he did thirty-four paintings.

He was a "Maine-iac" to the end. It was his belief that Katherine Hathaway, of Castine, had truly written *The Little Locksmith* for him. He no longer cared to see the painters and newspaper people who, now that he was widely recognized, wanted to call on him. He had retired to his own people, the natives of Maine who wrested a hard living from the sea and were taciturn about it.

Finally the heart gave out in the heavy body that had to be carried up and down stairs by Mr. and Mrs. Young. He was taken to the hospital at Ellsworth and died there on September 2, 1943.

Marsden Hartley had written, "My father with his two strong wives lies in the family lot / on the banks of the Androscoggin," and he had expressed the wish to have his ashes scattered in that river. It was done, and the mortal remains of Maine's distinguished painter joined the "slow, rich, solemn music" of the river he had loved in his boyhood.

Let the last word be spoken by John Marin, who signed his letters from Addison, Maine, "John the Ancient Mariner," and who had found his spiritual home in Maine. Twenty-seven days after Hartley's death, he wrote to Alfred Stieglitz in his peculiar punctuation: "Poor Hartley—alas who is there to take up the brush where he left off—with the (Maine Legend)."



Dogtown Common (1936); collection Ione and Hudson Walker, on loan to University Gallery, Minneapolis.

Hartley and Modern Painting

BY HILTON KRAMER

BY WHAT standards are we to judge the art of Marsden Hartley today? He was (as we have been told *ad nauseam*) an eclectic in his style. Ten years ago this charge had perhaps more force than it has today. A painter who had the most alert intelligence of his generation to the radical aesthetic movements of modern Europe need not be judged harshly by a generation that is turning the Pollock drip, the Rothko stain and the De Kooning smear into new eclectic amalgams by the minute. One can only hope that now and then some of the younger painters in New York are applying the same mental faculty and moral probity to this inheritance that Hartley brought to his intense devotion to Cézanne, Ryder, the Fauves and the Blaue Reiter.

The truth is that if aspiring artists today were more given to self-knowledge, they would recognize in Hartley some of the difficulties and some of the pathos of their own situation. Like many painters today, Hartley was attracted to a high tide of

achievement—the modern movement in France and Germany—and wanted desperately to swim in it. He learned to swim very well indeed, and perhaps mastered more strokes than were absolutely necessary to him, but he had sense enough to see that those waters were, after all, not deep enough to support him. The whole early part of his life was given over to this dream of immersing himself in the modern tide, and emerging ultimately as a great painter on the European model. It was a dream that died hard, and all the more so since he achieved so much—produced so many good paintings—while he lived in its grip.

Hartley's involvement with European modernism had both a shattering and a fecundating result on his vision as a painter. It is worth remembering that his participation in the modernist venture was, if not that of a leader in the front ranks, then at least that of an observer of the front ranks. It wasn't often that

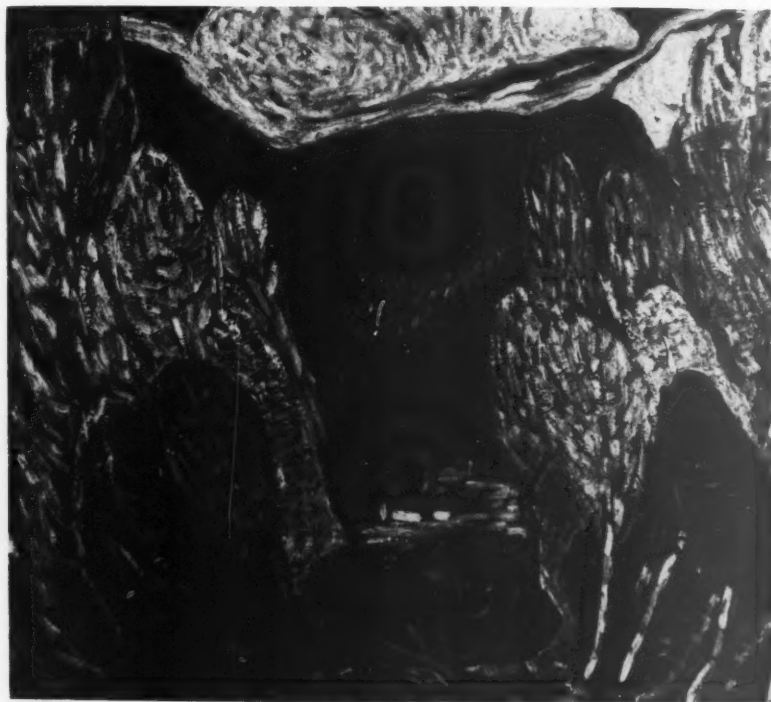
he waited for others to bring him news of the latest developments. Whether in New York or Paris or Berlin, he saw modern painting being created at first hand; he grasped its implications at once, trusting his sensibility where his education (which was meager) failed him; and it is for this reason that many pictures from the days of his European wanderings have the air of being reports on developments rather than originally conceived ideas. There are many paintings among them which are fine indeed, and remain among the best ever done by an American in the period between the wars, but they rarely show us his gifts at full strength.

HARTLEY's career was like that of a poet who begins writing lyrics on the nearest and most personal subjects at hand—lyrics of a melancholy but innocent purity which are marred only by inherited locutions he lacks the art to make completely his own. He then discovers that he must turn to prose, an ampler but less precise and personal instrument, if he is to encompass as fully as he desires the revolutions he is witnessing at first hand—revolutions too central and animating to be ignored, but which take place at a certain distance from his sensibility. Finally, having educated himself in the crucial events of his time and reported on them fully to the world at large, he returns to the poetic ideal, fashioning a harder and blunter and infinitely more authentic expression than had ever been possible in his lengthy “prose” interlude. In Hartley's development, the early Maine landscapes of 1908-09 and the late landscapes of the thirties and early forties form precisely this kind of lyrical plateau. Excepting the magnificent portrait of Ryder, which was his only successful figure painting and which is also part of his late Maine period, everything else of interest in Hartley's *oeuvre* is contained in the extended European parentheses which mark off the years of prose.

Of the many influences to which Hartley submitted his art

both early and late, two remained supreme: Cézanne and Ryder. An entire study of Hartley's painterly evolution could (and should) be written in terms of his changing relation to Cézanne. He responded to Cézanne as a master and a revolutionary, and yet saw in him a conservative temperament that lived on uneasy terms with the radical necessities which his style and ambition demanded. By and large, he had no interest in Cézanne as an historical mentor. For Hartley Cézanne's art was *not* history at all, but a living expression all of whose parts—the intense and concentrated observation no less than the conceptual apparatus—were valued as equally necessary and instructive. It is for this reason, I think, that Hartley was never much of a Cubist. (What is often called Cubism in Hartley's *oeuvre* is really part of his attachment to the abstract, mystical Expressionism of the Blaue Reiter.) He didn't look upon the Cézanne landscape as a nut that had to be cracked. Cézanne's claim on his sensibility was not that of an artist who promised new conceptual material for the “life of forms,” but an artist whose *vision* touched something profound in Hartley's own experience.

Undoubtedly this was true of many artists of Hartley's generation, and the question arises of why Hartley—for all his subsequent digressions—nonetheless held fast to this personal view of Cézanne (which others abandoned) and was later able to make it a source of strength. The answer lies in Hartley's relation to the School of Paris, and in his affinity for the German school. Unlike most of the artists of his generation who admired Cézanne, Hartley never went in for Parisian aesthetics. Fauvism was the last French style that interested him, and it was the closest thing in French painting to Expressionism. He rarely gave the invention of form priority over the rendering of visual experience—and never in his best work. Hartley saw Cézanne very much as the Germans saw him: not as a proto-Cubist but as a classical Expressionist. It was the probity of experience and the precision of its rendering that touched him so deeply, not the bequest of cones, squares and triangles. (When he took



Landscape No. 36 (1909); collection Ione and Hudson Walker.

Homage to Marsden Hartley

up the latter for a brief time, he did so from German sources.)

His interest in Ryder was related to this affinity for the expressive as against the formalistic. Ryder had achieved a unique romantic style that was faithful both to his visionary dreams and to his distance from the world. For Hartley, Ryder's romantic art was the native American counterpart to the sophisticated French classicism of Cézanne. Together they formed for him a dialectic of possibilities that he was to act upon in the last decade of his life.

Before he could act upon it, however, he had to turn his back on the modern adventure. He had to abandon the dream of leading a vanguard of history. Hartley had lived the most exciting years of his adult life in the shadow of this dream, in the Stieglitz circle and the Blaue Reiter group and the salon of Gertrude Stein. It was not something easily dispensed with, and no single year or event or picture marks his break with it. Yet in the thirties he is clearly painting under a different compulsion and aspiring to a different and older ideal. It is not unreasonable to assume that Cézanne's final isolation at Aix, after his involvement with the Impressionists, was a moral example to him, or that Ryder's lifelong disaffiliation had meaning for him. Still, these were artists Hartley had long admired; if their example now took on special significance, it was because he came to recognize that his participation in the modernist idea had alienated his art from something fundamental in his own economy of feeling. The atmosphere of the Depression and of political events in Europe must have contributed (how could it not?) to the sense Hartley had of a past being destroyed—a past that had necessarily to be identified with Europe—and strengthened his confidence in the aesthetic viability of his own roots. The

last decade of his life was thus devoted to the creation of an art that would close the gap between style and experience.

THE exhibition which Dr. Sandberg, the director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, has selected for a lengthy tour of European and American museums turns, then, on a note of irony. It is very unlikely that a retrospective show of Hartley's work would be placed on view in Amsterdam this month if the artist himself had not spent his last years in Maine, disengaged from the modern adventure and seeking a more direct and less historically minded solution to the aesthetic equation. If Hartley is now to have (in Henry James's phrase) his "beautiful time" in Europe, it is because he gave up the illusions of "beautiful" history twenty-five years ago.

Dr. Sandberg's selection, consisting of fifty-two paintings and twenty-one gouaches, water colors and lithographs, is a judicious one. I am not convinced it is the best selection of Hartley's *oeuvre* that could be made. It follows the contours of his artistic development very closely, and includes a large proportion of strong pictures—among others, the *Evening Storm, Schoodic, Maine* (1942), which is surely Hartley's masterpiece—but certain details of emphasis strike me as misleading. To include six examples of the colorful German abstractions and then only one of Hartley's purer abstract compositions of the same decade—*Movement No. 9* (1916)—is to distort his thinking at the time. There are more of these pure abstractions—which anticipate certain ideas that Poliakoff came up with years later in Paris—in the collection of Hartleys on loan to the University of Minnesota from Mr. Hudson Walker. Also in that collection (which I recently had the good fortune to see in Minneapolis) are a large number of small landscapes of 1908, all painted with authority, conviction and virtuosity that establish Hartley—as the early works in Dr. Sandberg's selection somehow do not—as an artist of great strength from the beginning. A greater emphasis on these early Maine landscapes, together with the late paintings that are included in the show, would have made clearer what I take to be the principal truth of Hartley's career: that he always painted better from experience than from ideas. Still, one can understand Dr. Sandberg's interest in bringing Hartley's European production fully into view; he follows the record of Hartley's wanderings—esthetic as well as geographical—very faithfully even where it requires him (as occasionally it must) to include a bad or corny painting.

Beyond any quarrel about the selection, however, one is grateful to Dr. Sandberg for his interest in bringing to the European audience "one of the purest American artists of the past generation," as he calls Hartley in his introduction to the catalogue. One wonders, too, what the European response will be. American abstract painting of the forties and fifties enjoys a position of great influence and esteem in Europe today, but it is doubtful if this kind of prestige is transferable to American painters of an earlier generation. The American painting that the European art world responds to with such enthusiasm today is precisely the kind of painting Hartley spurned when he went back to Maine in the thirties. It is a painting of ideas—mostly ideas about painting—derived from an acute preoccupation with art history, and at every turn it has always judged this sense of history to be superior to experience as a basis for art. This accounts for its vogue in Europe, for it is history that unites us, whereas experience—and art based on particular experience—separates us, throws us back on ourselves, reminds us of how lonely and difficult and tragic life can be without the cushioning of a collective destiny. One wonders, not too hopefully, if Europe cares to hear such lonely voices at the moment. The comforts of history being vast, what can the individual voice offer by comparison?

Itinerary for the MARSDEN HARTLEY exhibition.

EUROPEAN TOUR

1961 February 3-March 6	Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
March 15-April 6	Amerika Haus, Berlin
April 16-May 7	Stadt. und Lenbachgalerie, Munich
May 10-June 1	Amerika Haus, Stuttgart
June 15-July 15	London, American Embassy or Tate Gallery

AMERICAN TOUR

1961 August 12-Sept. 2	Portland Museum of Art, Maine
Sept. 25-October 31	Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minn.
November 15-Dec. 15	City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri
1962 January 1-31	Cincinnati Art Museum, Cinn., Ohio
February 20-March 25	Whitney Museum of Art, New York City



Albert Pinkham Ryder (1938-39) ; collection Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lowenthal.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

THE machinery of canonization was already in operation when Constantin Brancusi was still alive. And, since his death three years ago, his position as one of the exalted figures of modern art has been virtually secured to the satisfaction of the rabid partisans of his art. Nevertheless, his shortcomings are such that I would not be surprised if a more judicious generation finds his sculpture far less profound and perfected than it appears to be. Brancusi was dominated by an insatiable lust for purity and perfection of form that ultimately deprived his expression of a life force. He was rather like the tragic Aylmer of Hawthorne's short story, *The Birthmark*, who destroyed his beautiful wife by attempting to remove from her cheek the birthmark—"the visible mark of earthly imperfection"—which destroyed her beauty in his eyes. In his search for "pure joy" Brancusi similarly sought to erase all coarseness from form and in so doing produced, more often than not, lifeless, over-stylized effigies. Certainly there were individual exceptions, and besides, total failure was avoided by the incorporation of his elemental pedestals into the sculptural totality. The pedestals, containing the residue of feeling which had been excised from the beautiful shells of form which they supported, offer some relief from a deceptive "purity." But Brancusi might have been the Surrealist sculptor *par excellence* had he been capable of surrendering his will to the organic implications of his sense of form.

The largely loan exhibition of sculpture, paintings and drawings by Brancusi at the Staempfli Gallery (November 29–December 31) was, however, extraordinary in one respect. It

contained two gouache paintings of Brancusi's studio in which his sculpture served as models for pictorial forms which restore the plastic life that had been all but squeezed out of the originals. A recessive arrangement of flat shapes, painted largely with gritty, calcified whites, produces a spatial design whose equivalent is lost to stylization in the sculpture, where, more and more, symmetry and refinement restricted their spatial dimensions. The picture plane, coming between Brancusi and actual mass, seems to have deflected his urge to dominate form with passionate but abstract ideas of joy and flight. As painted images his sculptures take on renewed visual life, whereas in actuality they are effective primarily because of the hypnotic power of his projected will. To judge from writings on the man and his work, he had a similar awe-inspiring effect on the people who knew him.

The sculpture group covered only a period up to 1928 but included characteristic examples of each important "period." The fourteen pieces were: an early Rodinesque head of a child (1907) in bronze; the *Sleeping Muse*, in marble (dated 1906 in the catalogue*); a bronze *Portrait* (1910); *Two Penguins* (marble, 1914); a wooden *Caryatid* (1915); an *Endless Column* (oak, 1918); the walnut *Cock* (1924); virtually matching pieces of a *Sophisticated Young Lady* (the wooden version is subtitled *Portrait of Nancy Cunard* and is dated 1925, the bronze version coming later, as was Brancusi's usual practice, in 1928); a cylindrical bronze *Torso of a Young Man* (1925); then two bronzes of *Fish* (1924, 1925); and the bronze *Blonde Negress* (1926). Not included in the catalogue was a plaster version of *The Kiss* (1908), the limestone version of which was exhibited in the Armory Show. And in addition to a number of drawings ranging from racily nimble and relatively incisive studies of hands and arms to the stylized masses and patterns of the sketches of Mlle. Pogany (later sculpted in a style that was represented here in the *Portrait*), there was also a pair of hand-carved and rather primitive footstools. Thus a clear portrait of his style develops, one in which there is a gradual thinning out of sculptural substance, trading the complexity of parts for a largely stratified relationship between pedestals and sculpture. From roughhewn objects in wood Brancusi passes to streamlined forms in marble and bronze. Thus, the "Impressionistic" surfaces of the child give way to the granular blocks in *The Kiss* and the svelte, geometricized forms of the penguins. The humorous "buns" of the Cunard portraits survive a process that leaves the rounded heads featureless, while a similar knot of hair and thick, stylized lips extrude from the perfect oval head of the *Blonde Negress*. Utterly streamlined and dangerously depressed in mass, the two submarine-shaped *Fish* reduce to absurdity—a polished ash—the quick fire of plastic life.

Brancusi's work in wood was spared this fate, by and large, and, it seems to me, his best work was done in that medium. In this group the walnut *Cock* has an asymmetrical deportment that not only intensifies its sculptural poise but is consistent with the illogical graft of wing, leg and comb in a single shape. It shows an assimilation and transformation of detail that I can recall only in one other work by Brancusi—*The Prodigal Son*, also in wood and done ten years earlier. There are similar virtues in *Adam and Eve*, but it remains a work divided among its original two, interesting parts. As for the other pieces in the Staempfli group, the Cunard portrait in wood cleverly discharges Brancusi's unconscious wit through wonderfully inelegant proportions. *The Endless Column* is a tour de force in romantic primitivism, while the *Caryatid*, which



Constantin Brancusi, *Portrait* (c. 1910);
at Staempfli Gallery.

* Sidney Geist, in his article (ARTS, January, 1960) on Carola Giedion-Welcker's book on Brancusi, dates this work from 1909, after the Paris exhibition of Nadelman, whose influence is apparent in the piece.



Constantin Brancusi, *Poisson* (1926);
at Staempfli Gallery.



Constantin Brancusi, *Interior of the Artist's Studio* (1920-23);
at Staempfli Gallery.

blends Eastern elegance with African fetishism, seems as naked as any that may still be standing in Greece.

It was carefully noted in the catalogue which pieces came with their original bases—and for a good reason. More and more the pedestals came to compensate for the over-refinement of shape. The pedestals resisted many of Brancusi's refinements, and they grounded feeling in their vigorousness, though their coarse, symmetrically hacked out forms and the symmetrical disposition of parts in general replace the space of achieved vision with the atmospheric support of the ritualistic and the hieratic. Brancusi would sometimes combine wood, stone and bronze, in that order, in a single work, creating an area of neutrality between—for the lack of better terms—Dionysian pedestal and Apollonian shape, and the failure of the shape to assimilate the principles latent in the pedestal, except by resorting to a phallic declension, deprived his later work of a fully sculptural synthesis. The *Fish* from the Ault Collection is mounted on a powerful muller-like shape of wood that is pierced through the midriff and stands six times the height of the bronze element. Comparing this organization with that of the paintings, one sees that the paintings have a tension between parts that in the sculpture becomes passive, since stylization only aggravates a surface with motion while avoiding the real,

perceptual condition of form. The life, or the sexuality, if you will, of the sculpture has been so ideated in the end that it requires a heavy pedestal to act as a sort of "dead man" to hold it to the earth, to reality.

Still, the fact remains that Brancusi asserted a considerable influence on modern sculpture. He perfected what Hilton Kramer has described as a "lean rhetoric for monolithic sculpture." We find strong traces of it in the Hungarian-born Parisian Hajdu and the Americans Rosati and Hague. Brancusi proved that it was possible for sculpture to exist on very little. He brought the monolithic form to a state of virtual emptiness without actually opening it, the above-mentioned pedestal notwithstanding. He used, in fact, direct carving almost against itself. It remained for Giacometti to figure out how to abstract surfaces from form and still keep the world of feeling—as depressing as it can be—in sight.

THE recent paintings of Leland Bell, on view at the Zabriskie Gallery (February 13-March 4) reveal no signs that the artist is relenting in his intense search for reality. I hesitate over that word "reality," but I do not know how else to describe his search for a proper attitude toward the figure that is not merely



Leland Bell, *Standing Nude*;
at Zabriskie Gallery.

formal and artistic. Reality has been defined as "what works for you," and in the nearness to and distance from a truth to appearances, Bell expresses an ambivalence whose plastic coefficient is a marvel of assembly and disassembly of the human form. He is at once distant yet intimate, formal yet passionate, and finds beauty in the shifting middle ground between both sets of polarities.

Bell is showing a group of female nudes, standing and sitting and frequently in series of the same pose, a number of acute self-portraits, some small paintings of skulls (thus enlarging

a fairly restricted repertoire) and his own and other family groups. Bell paints from models, photographs and from memory—representing degrees of proximity to visibility which produce—corresponding amounts of freedom in the depiction of form. His basic stroke is both a lacerating one and a sensuous tactile adventure over bosoms, bellies, groins and legs. His psychological aptitude for the human figure is all the more pronounced for its being communicated through a style that performs an autopsy on structure.

It would seem, at times, that this is his sole concern, even at the expense of the painting itself. His constant probing puts to one side the problems of pictorial complexity (beyond the complexity of the figure itself), of color and even of conclusion. There is an obvious and possibly compulsive area of research which gives some of his work a laboratory flavor. A too-adventurous stroke here or line there turns an arm rubbery and navigates a contour too quickly. But how much this repetitive aspect leaves him free to test other levels of experience is perhaps a moot question, because a painter is only apparently limited by his pictorial means. Bell challenges himself largely with the problems of determining mass in space—not too deep a space—and he deposits his emotional weight on this single issue. The paradoxical effect is sometimes to leave the figure almost in shreds as Bell throws off impulsive strokes that obliterate details while *getting at* the form. Purposefully his palette has been reduced to blues and aquas and gradations of burnt sienna working up to pinkish masses of light. He has, to a certain degree, intellectualized the problems of art, but the effect is to intensify the emotional reward, the satisfaction of knowing the problem he wishes to solve and sometimes solving it. The rewards of the senses are no more adequate for him than they were for Cézanne, or for Derain and Giacometti, who are the patron saints, respectively, of his classical conscience and his romantic necessity.

It is therefore not particularly important to single out certain works in his exhibition, for all are marked—in varying degrees—by an obsession which, as it adjusts to individual pictorial conditions, produces a corresponding range of interest, sometimes more engaging, sometimes less. But to understand how passion compels analysis and vice versa, the self-portraits are probably most helpful, though I prefer two of the larger female nudes in studio settings. They have the furious privacy of some Bonnard's and, despite their limited color scheme, are to my mind exceptionally exciting paintings. Looking at them one realizes what oppression exists in Giacometti and what dominating authority took command of Eakins. They are formidable women whose nakedness is discreetly veiled by the powers of art.

Along with Fairfield Porter, who is something of a genre painter, and Richard Diebenkorn, who is more conscious of style, I would include Bell among the most important working "realists" in contemporary American art.

THE retrospective exhibition of drawing by Jean Dubuffet at the Cordier-Warren Gallery (December 9-January 31) included nearly all of the hundred works dating from 1942 that are the subject of a new monograph by one of his dealers, M. Daniel Cordier,* and also inaugurated the gallery's new location in the premises once occupied by French and Company's gallery of ultra-modern art. M. Cordier, who joins M. Warren at this time, does so at a moment when the planets of promotion are in perfect conjunction, for it seems that Dubuffet, at the peak of his popularity, is being groomed for entry into the league of living immortals. Only two months ago an extensive exhibition of

* *The Drawings of Jean Dubuffet*, translated by Cecily Mackworth (George Braziller, Inc., \$15.00).

his paintings and drawings closed at the World House Galleries, and just last season the Matisse Gallery mounted an absorbing retrospective of paintings and drawings, the memory of which makes many of these drawings supremely negligible. Finally, for an American publisher—even Mr. Braziller, who pioneered in monographs on modern Americans—to bring out the American translation of an expensive art book, is perhaps the surest sign of Dubuffet's currency. The exhibition thus makes only a further but small contribution to our knowledge of Dubuffet's scope.

It is precisely this scope which shrank in this exhibition. It contained some distractingly insignificant exercises which tended to reveal the narrow margin that separates a Dubuffet from real doodling. The worst of these were employed by the designer of the book as decorative spots, but they become the new clichés of a sensibility that was devised to destroy the old clichés of sensibility, to quote M. Cordier's phrase. Pruning of the exhibition then was in order, but it must be admitted that Dubuffet puts one in a peculiar position in this respect.

One cannot say that Dubuffet cannot draw because he obviously does not try to in the traditional sense. He certainly doesn't want to—that's been the point of his output since he catalyzed the sensibility known as *art brut*. He affects the graphic mechanics of the child, the primitive and possibly the art of the insane. He scrawls, trails lines, blots, daubs and imprints. He tries, in other words, to be inartistic, and I would like to say that he succeeds, but the fact is that it is virtually impossible to be inartistic at a time when a bared wall of a building undergoing demolition becomes an abstract mural. And, of course, Dubuffet is serious. He stopped painting for many years and on starting up again destroyed most of his old work. This is virtually the classic modern gesture of commitment, and the subsequent alchemy of his imagination has certainly justified it by its persistence.

But what of the visual results? After some early jockeying for stylistic position, his drawings hold resolutely to a course of planned aesthetic anarchy. A series of women turns physiognomy into rutted vistas of graphic devastation. There are portraits elevated into sophisticated caricature which struck me as no more than interesting but disturbing trivialities. There are some Bowery figures that look as if they were drawn by an unnerved seismograph. His cows, more or less intact, are bovinely

indifferent to the devastation around them. But, as in his paintings, the landscapes are particularly interesting. Intricately canalized, tortuously meandering, they suggest doodles brought to a conscious fulfillment. Included in this group are the "textuologies"—over-all patterns of tiny spots that are more acceptable in small format than in large paintings. But beyond the pieties of the irrational, beyond the actual shock to sensibility, they have no more than flashes of insight into something born of flux. They stand for more than they are.

Dubuffet succeeds, then, by "failing." His particular "genius" was to convert Western plastics back into a *tabula rasa*—simulating a beginning at the beginning. Some of his drawings resemble prehistoric pictographs. Dubuffet is, in his way, an illustrator. His style is no deeper than its affectations, but his moral—for he is a moralist—cuts deep into the history of Western aesthetics. He is demanding a purposeful content in art and by extension a purposeful world. He wants life to begin again. Process, he has intuited, is the heart of matter, just as matter is at the heart of things. This is not so much his discovery as his *nature*. But Dubuffet could no more divest himself of history than a paramecium could build a skyscraper. He is inevitably forced into a contradiction, something he could not anticipate: taste has caught up with him. Dubuffet is faithful to his conscience, but his works are deprived of impact by success.

I would agree with M. Cordier, whose text has the excessive cordiality to the cosmic literariness typical of much French art criticism, that Dubuffet is after an ultimate iconic legibility, unsullied by plastic sensuality, but M. Cordier fails to explain that Dubuffet is still an artist for the comparatively few and (now) the affluent. He also refuses to admit of any limitations in Dubuffet's art. If there are such things as limits they become virtues after passing through M. Cordier's fraternal alembic. I do not so much disagree with his remark that Dubuffet's portraits "bear witness to the failure of man, as well as of his works, and to his inexplicable, useless destiny" as with the pleasure he seems to experience in making the point. If absurdity can produce only such aesthetic "thrills" it means that no message can get through and that we are truly doomed. But in the time remaining may I say that the design of the book is cluttered and self-consciously modern. Its over-all tone is gray and the reproduction dulls the clarity of Dubuffet's line.



Leland Bell, *La Maison Tellier*;
at Zabriskie Gallery.



Jean Dubuffet, *Corps de Dame* (1950);
at Cordier-Warren Gallery.



Franz Kline, *Masked Ball*; at Collectors Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

Franz Kline: There is a period in an artist's earlier years when anything seems possible artistically. There is no such thing as finding one's self, no such thing as a personal image or a style. There is only Art. Artists invariably do not recognize until much later, when failure, success and the natural process of growing up have hardened whatever aesthetic position they've developed, that this was a freedom quite different from the one that becomes a conscious and even inhibiting issue in the search for recognition. In it all the aspects of a talent emerge, as if the artist were testing what was possible and what impossible. It was in something of this frame of mind—call it Bohemian or call it Love—that Kline painted this astonishing set of works for the Bleecker Street Bar back in the early forties. Kline was paid five dollars and canvas per painting, so that if he was impelled by necessity he was certainly also encouraged by Love. Besides, Greenwich Village then was not what it is

now. Ten large paintings were the result. Two were eventually stolen, but the remaining eight show the artist already possessed of the ambition and energy that were to explode into dramatic black-and-white abstractions a decade later.

Kline was thirty at the time and had already studied at Boston University and in London. His acquired worldliness had both its social and artistic facets. Encouraged by the owner to "Paint me girls!" Kline responded with vivid scenes of half-naked women at masquerades, apache dancers, a bubble dancer, circus bareback riders and a fiesta in which a naked girl is being held aloft by a group of costumed men. But besides these Bacchic celebrations there is a sexy vocalist with a Negro jazz band square in the folkloristic tradition of American Scene painting, and a singing waiter serenading a comatose pair at a table. Kline painted scenes of abandon with abandon—swirling Baroque compositions apotheosized by the outflung arms of the

girl, naked to the waist, in *Masked Ball*. The thin paint is given accelerated volume by fluid black contours, and similarly the other figures—Cyrano and a Devil with an accordion—are swabs of robust color held together by drawing. Kline's artistic model was in a large measure Toulouse-Lautrec, a dance-hall habitué himself. Kline's elongation of the horses in the circus scene and the deeply enveloping compositions are characteristic of this artist who typifies the Bohemian life above all others. There is, besides, the fantastic note of German Expressionism, adding still another element to the perspective these paintings bring to his abstract style. Significantly, then, Kline was all thumbs with realism—or else the more topical paintings are earlier ones in which he loosened up for the coming revels. The bubble dancer, badly in need of restoration, is stiffly drawn and awkwardly realized in volume. Much of the color has doubtlessly faded. The singing waiter and the two drunks are compar-

bly cramped in gesture and lusterless in color. The subject, further, hardly provides an excuse for the gregarious composition and mobile excitement that distinguish the large works in which there is the retrospective evidence of things that were to come. If one of these paintings, at least, does not find its way into the Whitney Museum collection, it would be an unfortunate surprise. (Collectors, Feb. 6-25.)—S.T.

Picasso Graphics: The two dozen or so prints on exhibit cover the time from the *Salimbanques* of 1905 through the illustrations for *La Tauromachie* done in 1959. The coverage is, of course, very sparse, but the few things shown, although they don't include any "major" prints, are enough to convince us again that Picasso is the important printmaker of the century, and in relation to his paintings, that he is usually graphic, whether in prints or painting. It is interesting here to compare the etched figure compositions from 1922 and 1933. The nude artist and model in the later prints have something of the same classic sensuality of those done in the twenties, but a staring dumb look has crept into the artist's face, a look which forecasts the horror of *Minotauremachie* and World War Two. The prints done after the war use bodily distortions more liberally. *Profile of a Woman with Garland and Inès and her Child*, a brilliantly spontaneous lithograph of 1947, are the most striking. The 1959 aquatint series on the bullfight are delightfully Impressionistic next to the work of the previous twenty years. Each one is full of a gentle childish action, an attitude reminiscent of late Roman book illustration. (F.A.R., Jan. 16-Feb. 11.)—L.S.

Juxtapositions: This novel and illuminating exhibition brings together old, antique and modern paintings for a comparison of theme or pictorial treatment. The works are not always as exciting as the idea, but no comparison is really wasted, and besides the spirit of polite competition generates its own excitement. *A Boy with a Flute* by Giuseppe Maria Crespi (1665-1747) is paired off with a *Portrait of a Poet* by today's Walter Stuempfig, the connection being the similarity of the contemplative attitudes of their respective subjects and the different modeling techniques. *The Burning of Sodom* by Monsu Desiderio (active c. 1617-31) is linked with Chevalier Voltaire's *Eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1771*. Monsu was a painter of fantastic architectural scenes and the destruction of Sodom left him little to play with, but as a holocaust his work has more drama and reality than that of Voltaire, who could not arrange mass so effectively. All the juxtapositions cannot be mentioned, but among the more interesting individual works are Magnasco's *The Tempest* (tenuously matched with Walter Stein's *waving wildflowers*), Henry Tresham's *Fuselian Athena and the Furies* and a Ben Nicholson *Still Life*. This is an exhibition to visit for pleasure and profit. (Durlacher, Jan. 31-Feb. 25.)—S.T.

David Burliuk: Having at first taken this "retrospective" at face value, we were surprised to discover that Burliuk, who was involved early with modern art in Europe, had actually painted all these pictures within the last two years. But the drastically altered perspective merely affirmed the essential lightheartedness of an artist who is now known for his robust, near-primitive studies of peasant life and his joyous flower paintings. Burliuk is now seventy-eight, and, truth to tell, his recollections of Blaue Reiter Expressionism, proto-primitive modernism and Futurism are tolerable largely to the extent of their insouciance. Still, they have sufficient stylistic veracity to suggest that Burliuk has found no equivalent for the concepts that animated the early movements of this century. There is some divisionism in his handling of color, some sanguine tremors in his healthy impastos that lead back to Van Gogh,

but beyond that he is content to celebrate his memories of village life, paint what he likes and praise nature through her flowers. He imbeds faces within aureoles of thick paint and generally dwarfs the human figure. But his flowers are resplendent in their proper scale, especially *Lilacs and Ocean*. A peasant scene, *Morning*, was post-dated 1961; a shmoo-like fantasy, 2001. The man's irrepressible. (A.C.A., Dec. 19-Jan. 14.)—S.T.

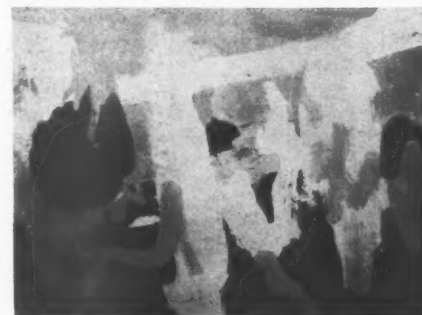
Klimt, Schiele, Dolbin: Bracing oneself for the tidal turn Back to the Figure, and for the horrors that will undoubtedly be committed in the name of Expressionism, one grasps at this show with the unreasoning fear that it may be the last chance of seeing good drawing. Klimt, who died in the same year as Schiele, 1918, but at exactly twice his age, is considered to have influenced both him and Dolbin. He makes an aristocratic master—his line is quiet and effortless as it goes on its way, explaining the form within its confines. How unsensational yet miraculous is the turn of the wrist in the red crayon nude; with what economy and accuracy is the bored *Woman in High Hat* seated on her chair, leaning backward slightly. Her elegance is part of her character, and Klimt states it without self-conscious social comment. Schiele, who died when he was twenty-eight, is for this reviewer the star of the show. He had all Klimt's knowledge, but he used it with a tremendous passion, and a muscle connected his hand directly to his eye, so that the two worked simultaneously. In the charcoal *Portrait of Captain Steiner*, a neat, round skull presses against the skin covering it; he is all officer in an impeccable regiment, from the cold studs of eyes that look up so intelligently, to the high collar of the tunic that encloses his neck. Dolbin, now in his seventy-eighth year, is the living link with the others, and he carries on the tradition with considerable vitality. He is represented by a wider selection of work, which includes some quick studies of dancers, and eminent orchestra conductors. In addition to a couple of beautiful studies of child's heads, there is a drawing of Bruno Walter conducting that is especially moving as one considers the age and eminence of model and draftsman. (Este, Feb. 1-28.)—V.R.

James Brooks: Having to pass the doors of a stockbroking business (open in the friendliest possible way), on the way to this gallery, undoubtedly sets one up for the simple sumptuousness of the scene at the end of the passage. Brooks, one of the original participants in the American Abstract Expressionist movement, amply demonstrates how a glorious bloom can descend on the successful. Indeed, to quote from one of his own statements: "Nothing can be hidden on [the] flat surface . . . [of a man's painting]—the least private as well as the most personal of worlds." Sometimes he is harsh, as in *Haneve*, which is a clump of broad strokes at the top of the canvas, making a maroon shape that dangles its root down the ivory canvas. At other times he is poetic, as in *Anduze*, where the canvas blossoms into his more familiar shapes—in blues, white, black and mustard. Whatever his mood, the paint is cunning. There are no mistakes; every inch of the surface seems considered, skillfully judged—but where is the life? (Kootz, Jan. 3-12.)—V.R.

Reuben Kadish: Each piece of Kadish's sculpture, about two dozen untitled works in stone, clay and bronze, is so individual, and the whole show so unified, that it would be difficult and pointless to describe the separate works. There is, however, a simple and logical difference created through the three materials. The bronzes are most "in the round" and the most exciting. They may have originated in the human form or in geometrical shapes—the result has something of each, but has become abstract personal expression in the best sense. Spiky projections and project-



Gustav Klimt, *Portrait of Baroness Wittgenstein*; at Este Gallery.



James Brooks, *Flintro*; at Kootz Gallery.



Reuben Kadish, *Barrier*; at Poindexter Gallery.

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Lynn Chadwick, *The Watchers*; at Knoedler Gallery.



Sidney Wolfson, *Appassionata*; at Section 11 Gallery.



John Grillo, *Chloe*; at Wise Gallery.



Theodore Halkin, *The Sailor's Dream*; at Frumkin Gallery.

ing forms, combined with the raw metal surface, make each piece about as friendly and caressable as an old lawnmower, but the shapes eventually become self-enclosing and the observer is just kept at a distance, not offended. The in-turning shapes seem like a specific counterpart of the integrity in each piece, and the projections reflect the many controlled variations on one theme. This applies to the work in stone as well, where there is less extending variety and more serious unity. The pieces are nearly rectangular columns, and each side tends to compose by itself. This idea is carried through in two stone reliefs, about four feet high, which are sober and stately combinations of the tenth and twentieth centuries. The large terra cotta look grand and gaudy next to these, but taken altogether the show is very impressive. This is Kadish's first one-man show since switching from painting to sculpture about ten years ago, although he has shown in two important groups. He seems to be one of the most mature and serious workers around. (Poin-dexter, Jan. 9-28.)—L.S.

Lynn Chadwick: This sculpture is easily as sentimental as the nineteenth century at its worst—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—turning upon one attitude. The whole idea is appalling but unmistakable. A single note is reiterated, and given the note, Chadwick can very aptly invent means to express it. It is not vagueness that troubles him. The triangulated animals and figures in this extensive show strain forward, outward, backward, upward in seeming (but unconvincing) urgency, beset by a rush back to nature toward a past wherein man and animal were still their prototypes, sans their more specific anatomy and motivated only by attraction or repulsion. All of these pose on similarly tapered legs, pointed, without feet, which tilt in unison. The frequently rectangular heads and bodies are ribbed with rods into triangles and squares, which are filled in with cement and plaster, to be eventually cast in bronze, as are some in this show. As with the legs, any actual form is nearly absent; offsets and repetitions occur, but they are too obvious and passive in themselves to be much, although unique enough for their sentimental purpose. Retaining the appearances of modernism, Chadwick is nonetheless turning sculpture into academic art. (Knoedler, Jan. 3-28.)—D.J.

Sidney Wolfson: This work may antedate the geometric revival, but its comparative weakness suggests posteriority. It has the bent planes, off-colors, and parsimony initiated by Leon Smith and Ellsworth Kelly. Several paintings are simply light blue, gray or tinted white barely charted at the edges by one or two intruding corners of maroon. More balanced ones are preferable. *Appassionata* is ostensibly tripartite but fairly cleverly becomes a one-to-one structure, the second unit bipartite, as one considers the vertical edge between the white and black and the oblique diagonal between the black and medium gray. The diagonal causes the two parts to bulge in opposition to the flat and vertical white. Although the color has a certain peculiarity, which is partly vitiated by its tone, as in a purple and soft greenish-gray, the degree to which the planes are warped—the most radical factor—is the element of interest. (Section 11, Jan. 31-Feb. 18.)—D.J.

John Grillo: All of the paintings in this show are yellow and have the splendor of sunlight, a luminescence which is impacted, bearing with pressure and fraction upon all the other elements of a humanized cosmos. Grillo has a touch of heliolatry civilized with quite a knowledge of imagery and structure. His work is reasonably independent, but its two chief affiliations, which should be antithetical, are clear. The wide, taut brush-strokes crossing over one another, the interlaced texture and the sudden voids of De Koon-

ing's recent work are compacted into a continuous, nearly planar surface, possessing an altogether different order of sensation, internal rather than projective, derived from Still, whose work Grillo's had previously resembled. The tempering necessary to joining these methods makes the paintings rather equable. A nine-by-twelve painting is on a par with or could be considered exceeding several smaller ones, and decidedly exceeds several other more loose and hasty ones. It is consistent and thoroughly developed. The means, in illustration, are those of most of the works. It has two interrelated formal schemes, of which the dominant, over-all one of repeated and interrupted diagonals is the more discreet. The second is less tough but is more pronounced. The nearly unbroken yellows of the lower half open toward the top in craters, rays and rills, both stellar and floral, onto a white, flattened to the canvas and shot off the upper left corner between two of the diagonals. Within the cadmium yellow—light, medium and deep—there are orange, usually the articulating diagonals, and bits of light blue, pink and green, often the aerating colors. The details are never insensitive and are always functional; the diagonals, for example, are broken from below by the minor colors and concealed from above by the yellow; the interplay is the dense, shallow, imbricated space. (Wise, Feb. 7-Mar. 4.)—D.J.

Theodore Halkin: In Halkin's microcosm there is a great deal of quiet activity going on, and those who wish to observe it should set aside an hour or so. He is unable to resist the third dimension—it creeps into his paintings, and turns him eventually to reliefs and small, free-standing sculpture in polyester (?). Of the paintings, there is one which most completely demonstrates his talent for the weird (an entirely inadequate word): it is an imaginary landscape in which a plain, dotted with trees, recedes to domed hills beyond. Colors are somber, greenish, vaguely antiqued-looking. There is nothing especially remarkable about the painting until one notices the movement in the distance, where a large bat with a devil's face appears to be lolling over the trees, embracing with his wings a collection of phantom figures. Representing the next stage in his development from painter to sculptor is a *Harpy*, painted in the same aged colors. She stands, very scaly, on legs terminating in claws, and from her sides rise the wings, above and behind her head. The feathers are peacocks' except that skulls have been substituted for the "eyes." A mask modeled in plastic acts as her face—and it has been brightly painted with rouged cheeks and a big smile. Gathering speed, so to speak, we move to the reliefs, where Halkin's mild and creepy talent really comes into its own. These often feature a plump, benign female figure, either alone, or accompanied by other figures, faces, or animals. Innumerable tiny faces people his celestial setup, and they appear everywhere—most notably on the knee caps of the little fat goddess. One might guess at Halkin's ancient Middle Eastern influences, but there is no point in doing this as there is so much of his own personality to examine. His sculpture, which is invariably washed with warm color, is ingeniously modeled, and manages inexplicably to stay this side of the precious. (Frumkin, Feb. 1-28.)—V.R.

Ronald Stein: That some pictures are created for the express purpose of resting the gorged eyes of reviewers makes a pleasant conceit that need not be examined too closely. All the same, Stein's work did just this. Except for a single red one, they are all in gray, ranging from pale and watery tones to almost black, and the image consists of rows of round and elliptical beads which look like a giant abacus that has warped. Dark beads in *Black Light* have a light behind them on the left; then, as they move across the canvas, they sink into almost solid black. With some dexterity,

Stein turns the same image in other paintings into ectoplasmic blobs suspended in puddles of gray water, leaving the surrounding canvas white. In *Tambo*, a small work, the shapes cluster to evoke buildings washed by rain. To those seeking profundity, his work will probably not appeal, but many will be contented with its peaceful personality. (Mayer, Jan. 3-21.)—V.R.

Pozzatti: This is Pozzatti's first show of oils in New York in five years, and we see here a growing talent. The theme is the city, but the rendition is not literal or even descriptive; rather it is a suggestion of the city's presence. The color is bright, at times almost too bright, fixed in a kind of linear frame, so that the effect of the color and texture is segmented and builds a pulse of hues. *Pantheon* is a mellow, shining composition of domes, and *Pageantry* is boldly structured, heavy, bright-colored; these are among the most successful. *White Mushrooms*, which is a lavishly laden table of objects, is almost Rococo in feeling. The painter at times overplays the textural effects; the molten color and the drip become excessive in some of the paintings, tending to obscure rather than clarify and heighten the image. (Seligmann, Jan. 7-Jan. 21.)—H.D.M.

Fritz Koenig: The atavistic imagery of Henry Moore, stupid without Moore's formal power, is the modern aspect with which some liberal-minded sculptors obfuscate ordinary chunks of the world. This double-barreled boredom is responsible for the vitriolic tone of this review. Koenig, in his thirties and working in Germany, is typical of the class. A few bronze drumlins on a slab, meant to be inset in the ground, will be more inert than other four-square feet of the earth's surface. *Tierschan* is a Chadwick horse attached within a cage—it is imprisonment only for the person who has to look at it. Some running horses lumped together are somewhat better. Their clubbed hoofs pound downward and their heads protrude like the muzzles of tank guns. Masses with projections are the most persistent device. A dishlike set of six gondolas, joined as would be two offset N's, prows and masts erect, is also a slight improvement, suggesting Giacometti's device of establishing the core of a space whose base is given. (Staempfli, Jan. 31-Feb. 25.)—D.J.

Tharrats: The artist is a Spaniard whose work was included in the Museum of Modern Art's Spanish exhibition this summer. Born in 1918, he is a member of the new Spanish art movement that centered in Barcelona. The monotypes are lyrical and delicate, done mostly in black, white and gray, and employ varied nuances of texture. They give an illusion of architectural precision. Dots, blots and scratches are interrupted by arbitrarily placed ovals of black and white. Although they are primarily an abstract development of line and texture, the works could be secret photos of earth cities taken from a satellite; one can discern canals, highways and rivers. These papers are visually pleasing, but their overall effect is strangely one of incipient disaster. The ten temperas and oil on paper using textured, delicate, pale colors are exercises in design which do not have the robustness of the monotypes. Unfortunately the fifteen oil paintings which will be included in this show were not available for preview. (Angeleski, Feb. 23-Mar. 11.)—H.D.M.

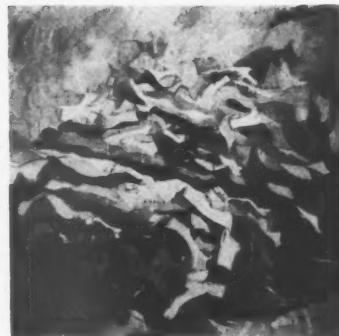
Robert Goodnough: The fairly thorough Cubism of Goodnough's previous paintings is suffering attrition from an even deeper past. The partitioning has congealed into central masses bounded by creeping Post-Impressionism. It is an improvement, though, that the parti-colored lines and swatches ripple, waggle and pitch instead of standing stiff in a dismembered grid. The articulated movement and color—the black, gray, red

array is most unusual—within the central area are the essentials of any of the paintings and not the obvious diagonal and horizontal forms, which are extremely general. In *Movement of Horses II* the most pronounced emotional quality—a unique and sceptical balancing of the cold and warm, the pure and dilute, and which is variably present throughout the show—is focused in a direct diagonal bisecting a mass on an opposing angle. The undulating blacks, blues, pinks and other grayed colors move in something of a harlequin pattern that keeps the diagonal course while subtly meshing with the adjacent areas which soften toward the outlying parts, and die in the hasty Cézannesque sky. (De Nagy, Jan. 3-28.)—D.J.

Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, Kubin: Gustav Klimt was the oldest of these four Austrian artists and was already an established "radical" before the First World War when the others were students. In the present context his work looks rather mild. The most important piece, the oil *Agitated Water*, is a dreamy fantasy that brings to mind the position of Matisse and Rouault in the studio of Gustave Moreau. Egon Schiele is represented by about twenty drawings, which show Klimt's influence only slightly in the female figure studies. Half the work shown was done in 1910, when Schiele was barely twenty years old, and it reflects the influence of the northern Expressionists more than his later work. The *Portrait of a Boy* actually looks a little like Max Beckmann. From that year until his early death in 1918, Schiele's drawing became more self-assured and versatile. The grotesque naked bodies lose their mannered stiffness without sacrificing power and, strangely, without any hint of starting down the way to abstraction—which the rest of Europe was certainly doing by 1918. Alfred Kubin's few works show him best as a satirist, especially in two ink-and-wash drawings from the thirties, *The River Gate* and *Singing Lesson*. The Kokoschkas are mostly from the twenties and include the unusually sound and straightforward oil, *Girl with Goose*, and a very different water color called *Seated Girl*, that looks like what Dubuffet was trying to do with the figure. (St. Etienne, Feb. 18-Mar. 18.)—L.S.

Felix Pasilis: Though the majority of these paintings were done in the past year, there seems to be a noticeable movement toward Abstract Impressionism. The phrase fits in some ways, but the connotations of "Impressionism," if Monet is the Impressionist, are too bland for the intense emotional involvement of this work. The application of the paint is a little loose for the few, simple, hard-edge forms that tend to build from it, and the color, instead of remaining natural at all, moves usually toward red, yellow and blue. Both the palette and the direct power of the shapes recall Nolde more than Impressionism. The most important thing about these paintings, and the thing that makes them really extraordinary, is simpler and more subtle than style. Pasilis apparently realizes deeply that he is painting a picture before everything else, and in the essential mechanics of composition, the understanding of "Form," he is good. He demonstrates it again and again in basic situations like the place a line leaves the canvas. Objections can be found easily here, where the overworked paint becomes muddy, or the finish lacks a little snap, but when it really counts Pasilis is right. (Green, Feb. 7-Mar. 4.)—L.S.

Don Purdy: A polished glazing style heightens or lowers the luminous aspects of the settings of these otherwise intimate interiors, landscapes and flower paintings. Within this burnished world the figuration shuttles from realism to stylized symbolism. A dark composition in which a large floral piece towers over a woman substitutes



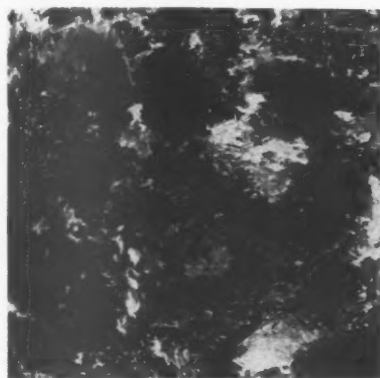
Robert Goodnough, *Movement of Horses II*; at De Nagy Gallery.



Oskar Kokoschka, *Girl with Goose*; at Galerie St. Etienne.



Don Purdy, *Artist and Wife*; at John Heller Gallery.



Felix Pasilis, *Untitled*; at Green Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES



Vincent Longo, *Out of Darkness*; at Area Gallery.



Wolf Kahn, *Atlantic Highlands*; at Grace Borgenicht Gallery.



Paul Georges, *Nude*; at Great Jones Gallery.



Nora Speyer, *Untitled*; at Stable Gallery.

mood for the fantasy of whatever Chagall or Redon inspired it. A flushed landscape and a small flower painting more firmly grasp the color which elsewhere floats clear of the figurative dimension. (Heller, Feb. 14-Mar. 4.)—S.T.

Vincent Longo: The many sizable woodcuts, excepting a few etchings, are proficient and varied, but too little is being attempted. The intricacies of the lines, some cut out, some in, and of the fleeting shapes, positive deftly switched to negative, or the reverse, is an ultimately opaque form of assurance. The quick linearity is in part curtailed automatism and in a larger part Cubism adapted to describing vegetation. The positioning of a single large area on the page is always indifferent—centered or offset, two corners filled and two empty. The details merely serve to give a general impression of consistency; nothing much in themselves, their cumulative effect is little more. Placement in the etchings is similar, but the execution is more inquisitive. Brush strokes of tusche are printed negatively and appear positively in the black and gray aquatint. (Area, Feb. 17-Mar. 9.)—D.J.

Wolf Kahn: In these ten large oils the influence of the late Monets is evident. Most of the works were done during the past summer, and the subject matter is Nature, distilled by a personal vision. The series of grayed and whited canvases are like delicate tracings in paint, hints and suggestions almost Oriental in their evocation of atmospheric mood. The texture is as subtle and almost as nonexistent, at first, as the color; in some canvases the surface feels dense—the white piled on white and the delicate tints of gray in *The Pond* and the poetic, well-organized *Atlantic Highland*. In a large canvas where he allows himself color, *Path to a Clearing Land II*, the violets and greens shimmer and reflect light, and the forms emerge surprisingly robust. (Borgenicht, Feb. 14-Mar. 4.)—H.D.M.

Paul Georges: This show celebrates fertility in seven large canvases. They are almost all studies, both landscape and interior, in various poses of the female nude, pregnant. In the small *Nude in Landscape No. 1* the figure is posed under a tree, the sky is bumpy with clouds, all reflecting the fullness of nature. This smaller study seems more compact and texturally richer than the much larger canvas on the same motif that is also shown. *Seated Nude* is one of the best of the interior figure pieces; here the woman, heavy and luminous, is posed against a yellow and gray table. The brushwork verges on virtuosity but escapes by a hairbreadth from falling into merely old-fashioned academic bravura. At his best Georges' loose, almost casual handling of paint gives a sensuous richness to the surface; he has a liking and respect for paint itself, with no forcing of the point by the introduction of extraneous materials. Different in mood but equally effective is *The Barn*, an austere brushed canvas that gives off the heavy, brooding quality of midsummer. (Great Jones, Jan. 23-Feb. 19.)—H.D.M.

Nora Speyer: Figures in their settings interest this painter intensely—to the point where the two become one and indivisible. Superficially, they are large, succulent canvases, bathed in sunlight—Miss Speyer physically enjoys her rich paint. The theme of the show is the warmth of summer, the beach, pleasurable human inactivity. But her preoccupation with making flesh and its surroundings one, disturbs the equilibrium, so that the pictures cease being mere celebrations of hedonism and take on a tantalizing quality. One very large, hot painting in madder pinks and yellows conveys this disturbance most acutely; the figures are only hinted at, yet they are there, suffused with light and growing with the rocks they lie on. There are, perhaps, some holes to pick—sometimes

she verges on a feeling of overripeness—but the oblique way in which she propounds her ideas gives a compensatory tang. (Stable, Jan. 24-Feb. 11.)—V.R.

May Stevens: The tides of Tachism roll back to reveal the earth and the night sky in a pair of paintings by an artist whose passion for monochrome surface extends to her more overtly representational work as well. *Galway* and *Innisfree* are both casually draped with films of blue that seem to be receding before vaguely discernible landscape elements, of which water and fieldstones seem most prominent. The more realistic work retains its naturalistic lines, but here too everything is more or less one color—white. The tendency to control her drawing independently of this color scheme makes these seem strained in comparison to her more aqueous style for which landscape is more expedient than closed forms. There seems in short a preoccupation with style that makes, say, a *White Nude* posed rather conventionally, seem like an effort to avoid the "square" approach. (De Aenlle, Jan. 24-Feb. 19.)—S.T.

John Little: Painters like Little have their visual ear to the ground, so to speak. Sensitive to every reverberation, they paint a self-image that is so much a reflection of modern taste that they seem to be painting to order. We might call the whole process a sort of psychological patronage which results in artistic content that is typical. Little's Abstract Expressionism can adjust itself to a canvas running to almost eighteen feet wide or a canvas one-sixth that size. His means are characteristic because he must accommodate the trend which inspires them. His wide crisscrossing and overlapping strokes, his vehement, shattered patterns which are carefully built, his bold yet blunt color and his peripheral courtship of atmosphere which is either the point of departure or arrival (as in *Yukon*, a glacial blue, white and gray collage) disclose a sense of security that is as social as it is artistic. It is an advantage because it frees him to concentrate on organization, which is fairly well thought out. His design, in fact, is the most engaging element of his work, though his fabric collages and one with wood misread the signs to which he is usually faithful. (Latow, Jan. 17-Feb. 15.)—S.T.

O. Louis Guglielmi: A retrospective show of this well-known artist who died in 1956 is being held simultaneously with the Whitney Museum show of American Precisionists which will include some of his works. The Nordness show is a selection of oils from 1937 to 1956 encompassing his Social Realism period up to and including the more abstract and decorative excursions in line and color of his later works. These include such notable examples as *Skyscape No. 1*, a blue, orange and pink abstraction, and *Composition Elegiac*, both done in 1953 when he was concerned with the circus as a theme; a later painting, *Phoenix* (1956), shows him moving toward a free and more lyrical patterning. This exhibit, though not large, is both comprehensive and select. (Nordness, Jan. 31-Feb. 18.)—H.D.M.

Dorothy Eisner: Criticism needs a large catalogue of the possible combinations of Cubism, Fauvism, Impressionism and later brands, so that a number could simply be given—10211, say; it would take several digits—and repetitious description discarded. Dorothy Eisner is a conscientious and proficient painter but perhaps does not know how prevalent is the style in which she is working. Or, if she is aware of that, she does not realize its fatality. For quick reference the number could denote parts, here ten of Fauvism, two of Impressionism, and one each of Cubism and Expressionism. Subsumed under this are two private categories, one dense and dark

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ing, basically two colors, often black and a warm
one, and a second which is light—one landscape
is tan, orange and green-blue, a sensuously dis-
sonant scheme. The organization is considered:
in another work black and red strokes, comprising
tableware, move upward in a diagonal mass to-
ward a horizontal band of black. (James, Feb.
17-Mar. 9.)—D.J.

Henry Pearson: The tension, such as there is,
in these geometric paintings is largely dependent
on subdued variations of tasteful color. It is
total yet in some curious way impersonal, or
only as personal as the taste that will bring to-
gether black, olive and a blue-purple in a paint-
ing called *Me: In Search of Myself*. The forms
themselves are geometric, that is, straight-edged,
but not strict. They form neat optical layouts
that amount to the same theme worked over in
many variations. Basically an I-beam shape with
middle extenders is variously clasped by angu-
lar brackets whose arms alternate in resting on
the upper or lower, left or right arms of the serifs
or "teeth" of the middle section. Some contrac-
tion or expansion is suggested, never in space but
only between the parts. Space, in fact, is ex-
tremely limited by a lack of real opposition. The
drawings are much more fascinating, suggesting
magnified fingerprints or contour maps in which
volume emerges from the labyrinth of lines.
(Radich, Feb. 7-Mar. 4.)—S.T.

Helen Wolf: Here is an obviously experienced
painter, handling traditional figure and still-life
subjects with great assurance. The painting de-
vices used are really no more inherently profound
than the subjects, but each is carried off with a
quiet flair and an intimation of grand simplicity.
In the still life *Blue Bottle*, the subdued back-
ground colors are intensified just at the right
instant to support the popping colors in the fore-
ground. The best of the figure compositions,
Contemplation, has the fine warm glow of an old
masterpiece, and again, if there is an echo of
trickery (the painting is neither old nor a mas-
terpiece), the execution is so straightforward
and easy that it is disarming. (Selected Artists,
Feb. 14-25.)—L.S.

Sylvia Fein: Though she is a miniaturist and
though much of her technical nostalgia is Flemish
and early German, Miss Fein is a modern in fre-
quently romantic visualization of landscape and
her tendency to evoke detail rather than draw it
—so that many of these charming little egg-
tempera paintings have a modish look. Her skies
are streaky, her hills have a naïve undulance and
she dispenses with detail when forced to choose
between it and a sense of composition that ac-
tually came after this genre historically. In the
normal-sized *Castle on the Rhine*, she is stae-
mated by the profusion of buildings at the foot
of the hill and improvises her patterns too late.
(Feingarten, Jan. 10-28.)—S.T.

Wilhelmina Van Ness: The drawings of people
engaged in everyday activities are sturdy and
alive, but somewhat less personal than the can-
vas collage-paintings. Miss Van Ness very nearly
pulls it off in these, particularly in the large por-
trait of a seated woman. For this she cuts long
slivers of painted canvas and uses them nimbly
to explain her forms, and one remembers this
painting. But one also remembers that she allowed
the clothed figure to go on and on down the
canvas, as though she did not know how to end
it, and that she felt a need to dab bright orange
in the corner of the eye and under the cheekbone,
in an otherwise well described face. In the portrait
of *Woody Strode* in profile, she uses paint almost
exclusively, and it is quite good in a tense way.
In spite of the jarring notes, the general im-
pression was one of vigor. (Brata, Jan. 27-Feb.
16.)—V.R.

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IN THE GALLERIES

Raffaele Castello: An Italian artist who lives in Germany, Castello has the histrionic visual gifts of the Latin and a subterranean sense of efficiency that is doubtlessly at home in Germany. His paintings are not so abandoned as they seem. He is a Tachist with a taste for looping curves and confluent patterns which are skewered, marbled and profuse. His color, which includes metallic paints, is both acidulous and saccharine, yet volatile in a cultivated way. It is difficult to see more here than this tension of restraint and abandon, just as it is difficult to see the color as more than the inordinately fussy icing of an elaborate cake whose insides are made of wood—something to see but not eat. (Trabia, Feb. 1-18.)—S.T.

Robert Watts: A mechanical engineer who turned to art history and then to art, Watts reveals a pattern of reaction that goes so far as to include a denial of his technical skills. He makes Neo-Dadaist constructions that seem to get sloppier as time goes on. More and more they are built of barely transformed rubbish, scrap metal, dolls, toys, balloons, paper flags, an umbrella, even a wilted daisy chain. And this renunciation of craft and efficiency is tantamount to a denial of the American Dream—there's that dead horse again—as Watts employs his mechanized constructions to deplore its "Momism," morality, religiosity, its wars, its patriotism and ultimately its dream of "automation." Colored lights blink on and off, flags wave—one flag goes past on a miniature railroad while a toy animal beats a drum—candles are lit in a shrine to The Child, and a pair of bloated, illuminated pants signal a presumably empty victory. But whose? The vulnerability of society to criticism is hardly a discovery any more, as any Social Realist knows, so Watts's indulgence is forced to look more and more to art for its rationale. Interestingly enough, when he concedes to his natural mechanical skills they endow certain works with a conscience. *Goya's Box*, a plastic container with postage stamp reproductions of Whistler's Mother and *The Nude Maja*, and *Reminder for Nine Word Poets*, a scientific-looking switchboard with rotating bags of colored liquid and vocabulary wheels, are authentic examples of their genre. Watts teaches at Rutgers—with Allan Kaprow—but no ivy could be found anywhere in the exhibition. (Grand Central Moderns, Dec. 19-Jan. 7.)—S.T.

José Bartoli: The composition of Bartoli's fragmented forms is frequently of such a regularized order that one has the feeling that these highly abstracted impressions in oil on paper have been produced by a process of elimination from a realistic base. The intervals between shape and what constitutes the ground have a naturalistic sequence. Thus a few checks of white and a few darker spots on a gray plane plausibly constitute, and effectively so, a foggy seascape—if one's guess has been successful. Bartoli's lapidary color is frequently lush and tropical, his Guatemalan scenes almost floridly so, with plantlike forms linked by dark veins that skip from one motif to the other. Other plans are more architectural and there are some still lifes that wax and wane in dusky space. Bartoli was born in Spain in 1911 and has lived in New York for the last five years. He has pulled together many loose ends since his exhibition about a year ago. (De Aenlle, Feb. 21-Mar. 18.)—S.T.

André Beaurepaire: A young designer for the theater and ballet, discovered by Cocteau and Christian Bérard, Beaurepaire is presenting his first one-man showing here of oils and water colors. It is a handsome exhibition, more significant for the graphic intensity and preciseness of its technique perhaps than for the diversity of its *mise en scène*. The paintings and drawings are largely of fantastic landscapes—classical ruins



Robert Watts, *Dum-Dum*;
at Grand Central Moderns Gallery.



Lucien Day, *Winter Landscape*;
at Morris Gallery.



José Bartoli, *In Flight*;
at De Aenlle Gallery.



André Beaurepaire, *Apothéose*;
at Wildenstein Gallery.

and columns rising from mists or encroached upon by trees and vegetation, or knots of minute-scale figures swept up into cloudy configurations that have an over-all look of abstraction. They bear some witness, obviously, to his other profession, for one cannot avoid the feeling that these thoroughly assured scenes of tempests and sad ruins are settings for some romantic drama that is about to begin. Where they succeed most admirably is in the vitality of the draftsmanship and in a certain fastidiousness of tone—in the rich grisaille of *Les Parvis des Evols*, the grandiose and clouded architecture of *Apothéose* and in the smoldering and ruddy reflections of *Cavernes Embrassées*. (Wildenstein, Jan. 12-Feb. 11.)—J.R.M.

Lucien Day: The seasonal moods of Vermont are explored in these paintings, and although all the pictures remain in one's mind, the winter scenes stand out most clearly. One of these is a broadly stated group of trees with a mountain rising behind, in which thin, greenish-gray paint conjures an atmosphere of great bleakness. The other is a screen of young trees that recede into a purple bank and cast long shadows across the white foreground. Day is truly a landscape painter; he seems less at ease with the figure—judging from a sketch of a boy's head—but he attempts to fuse the two in a large canvas of a figure sitting by a lake that reflects the trees on the opposite bank. This work is very successful because he treats the back view of the girl with the same freedom as her surroundings, and because he captures a wonderful stillness. But his intimacy with beautiful countryside is very sensitively conveyed by all the paintings. (Morris, Feb. 1-18.)—V.R.

Josselin Bodley: Although he has spent much of his painting life in France, Bodley shows a sensitivity to nature that could come from his roots in the English tradition. He has painted a number of small scenes—some of harbors with boats, others of churches both alive and ruined. While the approach varies from near-geometrical as in *Tropez*, an arrangement of yacht sails seen from inside a boat shed, to Impressionistic, in the study of York Minster, the paintings are united by a wistfulness that is charming. He includes some appealing white and pink flower pieces, in which the subjects are treated so minutely as to resemble the frailest embroidery. (Sagittarius, Jan. 4-14.)—V.R.

Keith Martin: Working with torn papers from slick magazines, Martin exploits the variety of textures and colors that can be gotten this way. He is uninterested in Dadaist ironies and goes so far as to conceal the identity of his materials. It is rather the total texture of his style that is so seductive. Martin uses both large pieces of paper and quantities of finely shredded bits, producing both recognizable images and complex "abstract" patterns. His skill compensates in some measure for pictorial ideas that are either merely clever or commonplace. His water colors and an oil are Miróesque, but without the psychological bite. His large collages do not seem over-scaled—an accomplishment these Neo-Dadaist days. (Juster, Jan. 30-Feb. 18.)—S.T.

Jehudith Sobel: Mainly landscapes and still lifes, with one or two figure studies, these works are painted in dry, high-keyed colors. The landscapes are competent, and have an airy quality about them—*Mountain Lake* seems the best because it has depth. Those still lifes in which Miss Sobel subordinates her objects to a system of verticals and horizontals that is made by squares of color, are the most interesting. In the figure paintings, in spite of her broader application of the paint and a more restricted color range, a weakness in drawing becomes apparent, especially in the head of the girl in the striped shirt. In both cases the eyes are overemphasized, and the color relationships in the faces do not well express the



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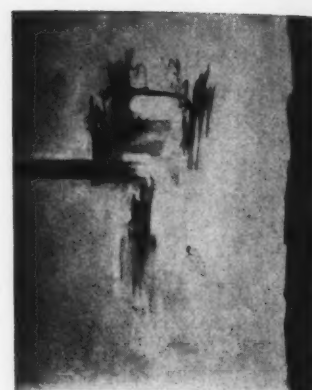
Theodoros Stamos: The spirit of Stamos' paintings has changed a lot over the last few years. It is easier to see the loss than the gain, because the change consisted primarily of the reduction and removal of forms. The attitude now seems pale and empty by comparison, but at its best, here in *Towards April* and *Gray Divide*, still very professional. Most of the large oils in this show are grayish white, with sometimes a dark accent, and often with a lonely little shred of warm color floating near the middle. These especially seem like a fragmentary dissolution of the robust painting from three or four years ago. Some idea of the qualities gained can be seen in the smaller painting mentioned above, *Gray Divide*. The gray appearance results from a sophisticated use of close tones—gray, white, blue, dark gray—and through it all a delicious glowing flow of lemon yellow and orange. Different it is, but beautiful. (Emmerich, Jan. 24-Feb. 11.)—L.S.

Francis Jennings: Without the aid of a forge Jennings has pounded metal sheeting, cans, pipes and various found objects into reliefs which are nailed to wood frames. He has a good eye for the different qualities of his ingredients, and perhaps too good an eye for design, so that he tends to merely arrange the shapes effectively, rather than combining them into an entirely new object. This causes one to be distracted by recognizing the components of the relief—the nozzle of a vacuum cleaner for instance. He comes closer to transmuting his pumpkin into the golden coach in a construction that resembles a rusty relief map, in which he has used four different, intersecting layers of sheeting. (Aegis, Feb. 2-Mar. 1.)—V.R.

John Thomas: Thomas's conversation groups have shaken off the patina of antiquity of his past work for a world closer to us in time and place. Women, usually in groups of two or three, sit around and converse in an "Intimist" fashion that is by implication far more substantial than the stylish color—blues, magentas, lavenders and walls with vivid yellow and lavender or pink stripes. The women wear virtually identical dresses knifed with checks of color that merge with the background in about the same way that the walls and floors blend into a continuous plane. A relatively lofty perspective brings the surface plane forward, and reciprocally the crudely drawn but gesturally sound figures are flattened by the knife. Less ambitious, the small *Two Bathers* is, despite its sketchiness, more unified in design and content. (Alan, Dec. 28-Jan. 21.)—S.T.

Bernard Rosenquit: The small sketches of groups of figures, in mixed media, are fresh and lively. In the oils, the figures are delineated in a black line enclosing cold color that is gnarled in texture. Somehow Rosenquit's technique in this medium constricts his forms, and imposes a metallic, frozen character on them which is hardly appealing. (Roko, Feb. 6-Mar. 1.)—V.R.

Albert Ponticelli: This posthumous exhibition of an artist who died last year at fifty-two is apparently his first. Ponticelli worked strenuously at abstract paintings which suggest affinities with Futurism and that oddity among modern movements, Vorticism. Sometimes the ground seems to be rushing up to meet the observer, especially in a more or less circular arrangement of patches, some of which have been tilled with a comb. Another fascinating aspect is that they all have different configurations, as if Ponticelli were representing something, if only types of structure. His masses are frequently positive formations in negative space, chewed and moiled over, detailed, active, more than gesture. His inability to clarify color is perhaps related to the



Theodoros Stamos, *Black Spring*;
at Emmerich Gallery.



Francis Jennings, *Onslaught*;
at Aegis Gallery.



John Thomas, *Women in Blue Room*;
at Alan Gallery.



Bernard Rosenquit,
May Swenson and Delilah;
at Roko Gallery.

peculiar and sometimes disturbing tension in these works that makes them arresting. (Pietran-
tonio, Feb. 1-13.)—S.T.

Roby-White, Strax: It seems to be catching this month, but what sort of self-image-making is this—no first names? Even Logsdon used his first two names: The Great. Anyway, Roby-White and Strax are male and female, respectively, and Roby-White is a pretty fair painter. His large works are of sailboat races about to get under way, apparently. One is not sure, for the scenes are simplified with billowing sail shapes and generalized figure outlines, but they do capture the effect of fresh air, wide open space and excitement. *Lake Huron Sand* is a small affair, with two figures laid out in a few strokes of paint against an opaque powder-blue sky. Strax catches her still lifes, cityscapes, etc., in broad planes and carries them as far into abstraction as possible. She leans heavily on color. (Artzt, Feb. 8-20.)—S.T.

Vadeckay: If it were not for the scholarly weightiness of this Midwestern painter's *curriculum vitae*, one might be tempted to suspect him of being a character. He works with embryos. *Blind Embryo*, which is among the more memorable of his offerings, is a white canvas bearing two silver discs, heavily graveled, on each of which a pink circle is faintly indicated. A dribble of black paint bridges the space between the discs, then continues down and across the canvas, giving a total effect of pince-nez with eyes painted on. *Two Embryos on Tiptoe* in *Painted Conversation* resembles two long-legged birds standing beak to beak, described in red dribbles on a silver ground. It is hard to tell whether the titles or the paintings made the deeper impression; certainly *Birth of an Embryo*, in which a black beaked form expels a tangle of red string, was fairly disagreeable with or without title. (Lovisco, Feb. 14-Mar. 4.)—V.R.

Heinzinger: The simplified patterns and volumes of these paintings celebrate order, industry, thrift. Heinzinger is a German artist whose landscapes, cityscapes and figures are compact visual statements. Forms are boldly outlined, color is rather flat, but there are no heroics, no massive design à la Léger. The scenes are sturdy and quiet, the people busy at work, the town prepared for commerce. Some woodcuts in color and black and white deal with the same themes and achieve an even greater economy. They are bright, attractive works, assured in execution and style. (Duncan, Feb. 11-Mar. 3.)—S.T.

Jacques Hnizdovsky: In a mountain of corn every grain on every ear is visible. Shadows are dispensed with and the shapes are distinct. Yet Hnizdovsky is more interested in pattern than detail. What he does is to give, on the one hand, more detail than the eye can take in naturally, while dropping out, on the other, what our peripheral vision makes us aware of. In *Fall Along the Hudson*, tiny trees are broken up into hundreds of rosettes of flaming, seasonal color related against an unbroken plane of water and sky. A crowded escalator loses its bustle to pure pattern in which there is much wry humor, and the rocks of a streambed are spotted in a painting of water lilies. The artist always manages to give reality a special, personal twist. Two conventional still lifes with fruit are nothing to be ashamed of. (Salpeter, Feb. 7-28.)—S.T.

Salvatore Casa, Edwin Flemming: In Casa's painting, the human head undergoes a series of transformations. The visibility is gradually lowered, and in a final leap the head emerges as sharp abstractions of overlapping wafer-thin ovals in flat colors. There are also works in which heads emerge, in varying degrees, from



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oval to resemblance. The evolution may have been the other way around, but in either event, the evidence is soundly pictorial. We will want to see his work again, to see if naturalism encumbers him, or if the expressionism of a large blurred figure in oil opened the way to a solution. Flemming paints landscapes which vary according to mood and which depend on mysterious elements to rationalize fairly amateurish technique. (Panoras, Feb. 27-Mar. 11.)—S.T.

Peter Kinley: This London-born and -trained artist who has had several shows abroad makes his New York bow with a large collection of works, thirty-six oils in all. Many are small panels, studies for the larger canvases shown. They are semiabstract in treatment, and the influence of De Staël, in paint application at least, is evident. Still life, flowers and nudes in a studio background are his subjects, treated in a blocky, impersonal and passionless manner. The color is bright and the harmonies frequently pleasing. The small panels, *Study for Studio Interior*, *Study for Still Life* and *Study for Studio Interior with Window* are compact and seem to achieve a more monumental feeling than the larger paintings. (Rosenberg, Jan. 9-Feb. 4.)—H.D.M.

Hsia Yan: A personal version of Oriental abstract painting is shown here by a young Chinese artist who is now a part of the modern movement of Formosa. The structure is built of heavy black lines, very sparse and contained, but at the same time apparently very spontaneously done, which fall between drawings and signs like symbolic calligraphy. There seem to be two separate elements besides this: the ice-cold one-color background swished on either vertically or horizontally, and a fiery scribble of color flickering around in a tiny spot in front of the black form. Too often the three elements are not well enough integrated in space or feeling. (Mi Chou, Jan. 31-Feb. 25.)—L.S.

June Hildebrand, Mary Johnson: Miss Hildebrand's drawings, linoleum cuts and monotypes all have authority. Especially impressive was a powerful drawing of crocus-like plants with its bold but measured line. A monotype of rooftop shapes and a glass skyscraper is a bit overdesigned, but her control gives it conviction. Her linoleum cuts accentuate the patterns of various subjects. She has received several study awards and recently completed a teaching fellowship in Germany. Miss Johnson's water-color landscapes seem partly a triumph over a medium that easily dominates an uncertain style. (Burr, Feb. 12-25.)—S.T.

Yela Brichta: The twenty oil paintings in this show are much less important than the ten wood sculptures. The oils tend in two directions: artificial and fragmented fantasies and landscapes, and figures and still lifes that are more solid and clear—like the sculpture. Even the best of these, *Prickly Pear Bush* and *Mask*, have needless texture and brash color, but the best pieces of sculpture are simple, sound and moving. Two similar works, the big *Soaring* and the small *Sea Gull* are classically modern, like Brancusi, although they fit well with their ageless wooden surface. Four human figures jammed in a line, *Flight*, is a very different piece and the most ambitious. (Barzansky, Feb. 4-18.)—L.S.

Shevet: The artist is a French-born Israeli architect showing a group of large drawings done while studying in New York. They are broadly executed with a black felt-tip pen occasionally complemented by a burst of ink or pastel color. The most noteworthy are the sober and powerful views of Times Square. They are very similar: a narrow slit of sky crushed between massive buildings and a street full of rambling humans, pre-

sending a dark, tangled view of city life which seems a little old-fashioned next to Times Square itself. (Carus, Feb. 21-Mar. 7.)—L.S.

Sepa, Sildar, Silvermintz: Two young sculptors and a painter make their debut as members of this co-operative gallery. All of them have studied at Cooper Union and show a similar concern with form, but each has proceeded along independent lines. Sildar, who prefers the hard woods, such as cherry and mahogany, is developing in a direction that promises much. Using a variation of abstract Cubism, he places and displaces volume one on top of the other so that each sculpture (two or three feet in height) is a related exercise in form and balance. Sepa carves in different, colored limestone. In his best pieces (some eighteen inches high), *Enveloping Form* and *Distal Form*, he achieves a clean and monumental simplicity; the other pieces still show a certain indebtedness to pure abstract masters that we know. Silvermintz uses somber colors and swirling paint in his dense and heavily brushed abstract paintings. *Green Mountain No. 2* is a successful study in greens, blacks and ochre; *Vale* is a handsome canvas of blue, black and deep olive-green. (Brata, Jan. 6-27.)—H.D.M.

Edmund Niemann: Three horizontal cityscapes, greatly abstracted, seem to represent the main theme of these oils. The color consists mostly of little red flashes which give an emotional jolt but leave the structure to rest on the black and white relationship. This part is evenly and meticulously worked out, with small arches and right angles and overlaid with a profusion of equally abstract details. Of the three, *Dark Rhapsody* is the strongest. The two pictures with figures have been beaten into retreat toward illusionism by the subjects. The small, abstract *Sun Chariot* is the happiest of them all, flashing yellow and light blue-violet together with unexpected freedom and verve. (Eggleston, Jan. 30-Feb. 11.)—L.S.

Aristedes Stavrolakes: The wood sculpture making up this show is completely abstract, but still retains quite a bit of feeling of the subject. In *Reign of Minos*, this effect is achieved by making a regal totem out of shapes that have a Magic Symbolic character. Even though it is totally abstract, the subject still feels too close to the surface. The better pieces are less angular and use more the feeling of the material, such as the grotesque *Ballet Dancers*, carved from apple wood, the *Mother and Child*, or the majestically advancing monument, *Toward Troy*. (Contemporary Arts, Jan. 30-Feb. 17.)—L.S.

Miriam Burdsall: The flying Cubism of these paintings is not deficient through lack of resolution, but through the ease of it, through the homogeneity of the color (often tans, greens and blues), the smooth surface, and angular planes liquidly defined, fluently running from near-solidity to near-space. Within the assumed unity, capable one, some possible extremes are evident as in one painting which presents small solitary blacks outcropping in a field of tan. The slight particularity of each painting depends on such distinctions; their essentials could be discovered isolated and therefore strengthened. (Sherman, Feb. 11-28.)—D.J.

Nanno de Groot: With urgent, thick paint, De Groot has produced a group of works concerning the sea. His is a racing sea, almost always crowned by pounds and pounds of curly white surf. *Beach and Water* seem the best composed of them; it deals with two breaking waves caused by currents converging on a single point of center, thus creating a star-shaped design. The contrast of the surf, the underside of the waves and the beach aroused more interest than the

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horizontal hands made by the same subject in the other paintings. (Parma, Feb. 7-25.)—V.R.

Robert Goodman: An accomplished watercolorist, Goodman is interested in thorny, slightly Oriental shapes, which he explodes in the center of the paper. Working in subdued earth colors, he occasionally blots and spatters, but the result is always cool and controlled. In some of the works he appears to have started with a black sun and worked outward to rocky forms; in others he describes a winged shape. They are delicate, but rather reminiscent of Rorschach. (Castellane, Feb. 1-28.)—V.R.

Dan Wingren: A young Texan with a flair for the light touch, Wingren brings a sophisticated sense of design to his frequently Whistlerian landscape impressions. He sometimes exploits bizarre angles of vision, and can oscillate between a rather chic simplicity and dramatic chiaroscuro in the treatment of still life. In one instance, a study of lights at night, he emphasizes an abstract quality that seems patterned on Whistler's painting of fireworks. A mountain cataract immobilized in soft cool masses is a successful venture into bold, simple design that does not detract from the essential characteristics of the scene. (Babcock, Jan. 24-Feb. 11.)—S.T.

Anthony Vaccaro: More assured than in his show of a year and a half ago, this painter shows six paintings in a two-man show, in a figurative and poetic style. *Self-Portrait* is the most accomplished and complex; against a red and white geometric background, which suggests an artist's studio, the figure is stern and simple, the face and hands distinctly modeled. The colors in these works are flat. Vaccaro relies on mannerisms in his composition, but mannerism is assimilated in *Self-Portrait* and also in *Small Pitcher*, a strong and tasteful painting in which the grays of modeled surfaces and flat areas blend to create an austere and direct effect. (Collectors, Jan. 9-28.)—H.D.M.

Whitney Bender: A fellow of the Huntington Hartford Foundation, he shows in a two-man show with Vaccaro. The semi-Surrealistic rural night scenes are tight, meticulous and rather harsh; *Rustic Canyon* in dark blues shows a floodlit mountain scene with searchlights and cars. These paintings are on the borderline between a commercial illustration of unresolved drama and an authentic Surrealism—leaning unfortunately toward the former. (Collectors, Jan. 9-28.)—H.D.M.

Charles Salerno: One doesn't see sculpture directly carved in stone too frequently these days, and indeed Salerno's figurative style is related to the tradition in which much direct carving came to a standstill—serpentine, idealized figures and animals in which great deference is shown toward the character of the original block. Salerno's smoothly polished forms are chained to the rough, untouched passages à la Michelangelo, and obviously he pays a great deal of attention to textural contrast. So engaged is he with this problem of general masses that he can be surprisingly awkward with details like eyes, fingers, lines around the mouth, etc. These are small pieces. (Weyhe, Dec. 29-Feb. 4.)—S.T.

Sasson Soffer: These predominantly ultramarine blue canvases, some of which are quite tall, are painted in encaustic. Their dramatic quality resembled the effect of a blue glass window in a dark church. Soffer increases the luminosity by disposing purple-black-green forms in such a way as to give an impression of seaweed clotted below the glass. He is perhaps too involved with his color to give more attention to the shapes, which are secondary in their impact. There is, as yet, no tension in his painting, and no real punch—



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that is, after one has recovered from the color. (Section 11, Feb. 21-Mar. 11.)—V.R.

Chryssa: This is really appalling: rudimentary design (triangles and Roman letters), executed as huge sculptured reliefs in white plaster and cast aluminum. The hopeful naïveté of our Two Best Museums in accepting it recalls a story about an earlier piece of sculpture. If the spirit of any serious artist watches us now, someone is surely about to say, "Go, get thee down, for thy people . . . have corrupted themselves . . ." (Exodus, 32). (Betty Parsons, Jan. 10-28.)—L.S.

Michael Schreck: Schreck is an Austrian painter, now an American by way of Canada, whose first New York show is made up of an assortment of thick oil and palette-knife landscapes, still lifes and seascapes. The subjects are distorted, sometimes with little reason, and simplified in the main twentieth-century traditions, leaning at times toward Cubism, at times toward Impressionism—and in *South Seas*, with a strong echo of Riopelle. (Selected Artists, Jan. 31-Feb. 10.)—L.S.

Herbert Macdonald: The greater part of these water colors and oils are abstract illustrations of Biblical themes, which have a harsh, rocklike character. Of these, *Silent Night*—a yellow and red furnace, blazing up a dark canvas—is quite bold. *Rock Ledge*, a loose interpretation of a landscape, is executed with a lighter touch and a more lyrical use of color. (Highgate, Jan. 25-Feb. 21.)—V.R.

Tania: This painter has a scheme of "complementary paintings," whereby each work consists of two canvases of the same height but unequal width. Using a small roller she covers one with a slightly Soulagé design in two colors, leaving the smaller canvas white. On other occasions she covers both, and from time to time fills out with newspaper collage. There are also smaller works which consist almost entirely of paper collage, some accompanied by handwritten poems, in French. (Landry, Jan. 3-21.)—V.R.

Takai: Very Expressionistic abstractions, red-bold canvases that seem even larger than they are, make up the Japanese-New Yorker's third one-man show. The structure is often strangely off balance, but still strong, like bent steel girders filled in with hot construction scrap. Two paintings with the least concentration of color on red-orange-violet seem the most interesting: *Rainbow* and *Life Cycle*. Whatever Takai's work lacks in classical refinement it literally gushes with power and life. (Poindexter, Jan. 30-Feb. 18.)—L.S.

Priscilla Peck: Miss Peck is interested in astrology and has enlarged many of the symbols pertaining to this subject, executing them in black, blue, red and gold on white canvases. Though they are tastefully done, one could not share her enthusiasm for these symbols divorced from an explanatory text, as they did not seem arresting enough in themselves. She also includes water-colors, and figure drawings inspired by the same subject. (Bodley, Jan. 30-Feb. 11.)—V.R.

Fred Garbers: Using black and two or three colors, Garbers creates a molten effect with his paint. His main forms are black, and they seem about to be consumed in a greenish-yellow or red glare—*Erebus*, for example, could be a building on the point of collapsing in a fierce fire. In *Walls of Troy*, the main oval form is convex, and briefly touched with a gold light. It is suspended against two dark verticals, and is dissolving at the edges into flickers of green and yellow. These are thoughtful, romantic paintings in which considerable skill is shown in the handling of thin glazes. (Krasner, Feb. 13-Mar. 4.)—V.R.

Harry Faber: A Brooklyn artist who admits to

sixty-nine, Faber is a near-primitive who infects the commonplace with the integrity of his feeling. His subjects mean something to him, whether it is a portrait of his late wife or a "peaceable kingdom" where man, bird and beast fraternize while a patriarch presumably destroys a rifle on an anvil which bears the legend Shalom—for peace. His style has none of the formal surprises that transform the sentimentality of profounder artists of the genre. He is more of a realist whose untrained hand seeks more and more skill. (Artzt, Feb. 3-14.)—S.T.

Hubert Long: Australian-born, Long now lives in East Hampton, Long Island, where he makes decorative sculpture from driftwood. By "decorative" is meant that the sensuous tactile values of the inevitably fascinating element-worn shapes and textures transcend the sculptural interest. His works are neatly and cleanly made, but with the exception of a large Constructivist *Vertical Arrangement with Movement* which opposes thrusting planks and circular forms, there are barely any redeeming spatial insights to alter the impression that Long's improvements on nature are in the realm of taste and largely of a technical nature. (Stuttman, Feb. 7-Mar. 4.)—S.T.

Richard Ahnholz: A lack of direction pervades these pictures of rolling green countryside, and one could not discern the artist's motive for painting rather characterless clumps of trees. The one figure study showed a little more interest on his part, though the forms were only briefly indicated in bright pinks on a dark ground. (Internationale, Feb. 14-27.)—V.R.

Joshua Epstein: A group of interiors, and scenes set in the open spaces of New York comprise this exhibition. Epstein applies his paint in a speckled way, leaving much of the canvas bare. One felt that if he would apply his paint more broadly he would not detract from the gaiety of his pictures and would give them a little more body. (Arkepe, Jan. 28-Feb. 24.)—V.R.

Robert Angeloch: These are low-keyed paintings in brownish-yellows, purples and reds, in which the shape is a central grouping of rounded, rather floral forms. Their general character is pleasant but flaccid. A triptych of a black stream winding through rocks and reeds and culminating in a white waterfall is a curious, stylized departure from the other approach. (Two Explorers, Feb. 6-24.)—V.R.

Henrietta Schoppel: Several paintings are views of the city, arch and linear, similar to Saul Steinberg's, but with cloisonné, and several are bathers, mothers and children, awkwardly outlined and palely colored. (Carmel, Jan. 27-Feb. 15.)—D.J.

Gino Bigiarini: This Italian painter shows landscapes, still lifes, and flower pieces, all executed in cheerful colors, with the paint built up in rectangular dabs. (Monede, Feb. 7-25.)—V.R.

Mark Freeman: Freeman is not the first artist to find in the incandescent patterns of city lights a short cut to abstract design. His cityscapes trap the reflected glow in vertical planes where it is not discharged dramatically—and obviously—in a design of black girders against a red sky. He also stylizes the multiple surfaces of cathedral façades with closely stacked bundles of tant, fractured line and in one sets a puff of red for a rose-window. His lithographs were not available for review. (Artzt, Feb. 15-28.)—S.T.

Roger Barr: Most of these large fabric collages by an American artist living in Paris are designed with as many as six transposable panels. The pictorial matter comprises large simple shapes with either smartly faded colors or bold pen-

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ant hues—a sort of cross between Burri and the late De Staël. Changing the arrangements neither adds nor detracts from works which are obstinately uninteresting; that is, they refuse to become anything more than designs. (Feingarten, Jan. 31-Feb. 18.)—S.T.

David Hayes: Sculptural talent is amply demonstrated in these interestingly abbreviated animal and human forms, but the seriousness is in question after one notices something like the way the animal's legs meet the floor; they don't end, but just stop like a phonograph needle lifted too soon. (Willard, Jan. 31-Feb. 25.) . . . **Sotos:** These paintings show a strong desire for communication and some feeling for human relationships, but in almost every formal way—in space or color or such a basic point as the placement of figures in relation to the edge of the canvas—they are amazingly wrong. (Eggleston, Feb. 13-25.) . . . **Phyllis McLean:** Miss McLean's subjects are quite realistically drawn young people, lovers and loners; they are nicely restrained and clear except for an awful veil of textured paint between them and the observer which clogs every painting. (Madison, Jan. 28-Feb. 10.)—L.S.

Benedict Tatti: Using lines and planes as a shorthand for representational form, these water colors seek a contemporary flavor in terms of dynamic motion. (Burr, Jan. 1-15.) . . . **A. Raymond Katz:** Color cements, liquid plastic and other chemical additives are dripped onto canvases, making indifferent passes at trees, fruits and, more resolutely, a quilt of decorative motifs—still another example of experimentation putting off the day of decision. (Madison, Dec. 29-Jan. 19.) . . . **M. Tommy Atkin:** Occasionally a painting or a water color will emerge from the generalities of forms in flux to identify itself without the assistance of titles which inform one that these are casinos, fiestas, idyllic landscapes and a parade. (Bodley, Jan. 16-Feb. 4.) . . . **Sidney Segal:** Almost out-and-out imitations of Klee make Segal, who shows occasional flashes of caricature, a sitting duck, but one is not interested enough even to load the gun. (Two Explorers, Jan. 9-30.) . . . **Slayton Underhill:** Incredibly detailed, marbled patterns are the results of a super-realistic, close-up approach to details in nature—a face, a pool, a cresting wave and root forms—which undergo a Surrealistic transformation in the process. (Bodley, Jan. 16-28.)—S.T.

Deward Eades: These conscientiously wrought oil, casein and tempera paintings oscillate between realism and fantasy, with the more Surrealistic studies providing more visual and imaginative content. (The Explorer, Dec. 15-Jan. 14.) . . . **Giorgio Perfetti:** Whimsical and frequently allegorical paintings are given period Florentine costumes and settings by a young Italian artist. (Sagittarius, Dec. 12-31.) . . . **Patsy Breiling:** The Expressionist fervor of these paintings is supported by a core of genuine expressive feeling which, if problems of draftsmanship are somewhat inhibiting in the figure studies, comes off rather well in a landscape of tossing reddish brown and green trees. (Duo, Feb. 27-Mar. 17.) . . . **Jerri Ricci:** With a competence that is almost a tradition in this sort of water-color style, Ricci handles landscapes and city scenes with stylistic grace that is perhaps overly complacent. (Milch, Jan. 30-Feb. 18.) . . . **Jan Gelb:** A painter and printmaker with a respectable list of exhibitions behind her, Miss Gelb is disappointing in this exhibition of largish ink drawings whose dramatic structures, blooming washes and neural patterns indicate little more than the passage of her moods. (White, Jan. 24-Feb. 18.) . . . **Raymond Whyte:** A tack is about the only object that cries out to be touched in these Magic Realist paintings which pass over into decoration because Whyte cannot sustain the concen-

trated effort required for the illusion. (Nessler, Feb. 20-Mar. 11.) . . . **Labegorre:** Figures and landscapes experience the modern enlightenment and are tastefully done up in simple, blocked-out forms and puffs of lambent color sewn swiftly and loosely together with line. (Duncan, Feb. 14-Mar. 16.) . . . **Paul Martin:** A Swiss painter effects a certain juiciness of paint to justify the limpness of his landscape forms. (Duncan, Feb. 1-14.) . . . **Schlegel:** An Alsatian artist sentimentalizes over sensitive faces and figures that are lightly stylized. (Duncan, Feb. 14-Mar. 16.) . . . **Edward Koehler:** A canvas which suggests a highly refined Niles Spencer stands out in these paintings where a variety of geometric shapes are painted in overlapping complexes suspended in space like conventional subjects. (Pietrantonio, Feb. 15-28.) . . . **Susan Alexander:** Portraits of native women and tropic landscapes are painted by an artist who was born in New York and now lives in Jamaica. B.W.I. (Panoras, Feb. 13-25.) . . . **Mildred Highlands:** These water-color landscapes are painted on damp surfaces perhaps a bit too breezily; a city scene is the most thoroughly worked up. (Burr, Feb. 26-Mar. 10.)—S.T.

John Brickler: In the first one-man show of this Rochester artist, the twenty-five oils are a rather romantic interpretation of his concern with the elements of outer space; he paints the gases and various explosions of nuclear matter in tonal colors and repetitious plantlike forms. (Kottler, Feb. 27-Mar. 11.) . . . **Morpurgo, Woolner, Tomas:** Morpurgo uses a great deal of black and in a sensuous portrait builds the planes of the face with specks of color; Woolner's realistic paintings of flowers and landscapes in high-keyed colors lean lightly on the discoveries of the French Impressionists; Tomas, a Venezuelan primitive, paints tight illustrative scenes of Central Park, but his most interesting picture is *Return of the Pharaohs*, an imaginative and symbolic interpretation of Africa today. (Kottler, Feb. 13-25.) . . . **Thomas Sills:** In these bright-colored abstract variations of the colors red and green, the paint is applied with great sensitivity so that the surface is pleasing and full of little discoveries; the forms are great broken squares that float upward in a delicate, jostling way. (Parsons, Jan. 30-Feb. 18.) . . . **Alice Forman, Jon Henry:** Forman's pigment is loaded with sand so that some areas look like stucco; in these handsome paintings the motif is landscape, the color light, usually against an off-white background. Jon Henry rides the tiger of violent Abstract Expressionism, the familiar slashes of black breaking into erupting yellow ochers and purples and conveying a controlled turbulence. (Camino, Jan. 27-Feb. 16.) . . . **Earl Miller:** This is a first show for the Chicago-born artist, and in both the oils and water colors it would seem that he has not yet achieved either sufficient coherence or style; *Composition: Red and Orange* is painted with a certain sustained vigor and seems to have mobility and a feeling of organization of the whole. (Phoenix, Feb. 17-Mar. 9.) . . . **William Pellicone:** This artist uses pigments and then burns the surface with a blowtorch to obtain a particular texture, but the trick texture does little to enhance the paintings; *Flying Eagle* seems the most successful—curiously archaic, monotoned, seeming to soar. (Phoenix, Jan. 27-Feb. 16.) . . . **José Echave:** This Uruguayan painter, who has done mural and fresco commissions and won prizes and gold medals in his own country, shows semi-Cubistic figure compositions that recall the Indian heritage but also reveal an awareness of Picasso and the postwar School of Paris. (Sudamericana, Jan. 3-Feb. 18.) . . . **Brindisi:** Violence and extravagance charge the paintings of this mature Italian artist who makes his New York debut, showing

continued on page 65

SOTOS

Paintings

Feb. 13-25

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WHERE TO SHOW

National

Athens, Ohio: Ultimate Concerns: 2nd National Print and Drawing Exhibition, Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, Mar. 15-30. Open to all artists. Media: drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Mar. 1, work due Mar. 7. Write: S. T. Nicolls, Dir., Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, 18 N. College, Athens, Ohio.

Boston, Mass.: Gallery CAC 1st Annual Contemporary Painting Competition, June 5-30. Open to all artists. All painting media. Limit five entries. Jury. Fee: \$5. All work due April 5. Write: Benjamin Kaufman, Gallery CAC, 10 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Brighton, Mass.: Henri Studio Gallery Exhibition of Contemporary Jewish Art, Mar. 28-Apr. 22. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Jury. No fee. Entry cards and work due Mar. 24. Write: Secy., Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Henri Studio Gallery Contemporary Textile and Craft Show, Mar. 1-25. Open to all artists. Media: handwoven textiles, rugs, mosaics, printed fabrics. Jury. No fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 24. Write: Secy., Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Henri Studio Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. All painting and graphic media. Prize: one-man show. Fee: \$5. Write: Secretary, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Bryantville, Mass.: Brockton Art Assn. 4th Annual Winter Show, Feb. 18-Mar. 10. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawing, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, jewelry, silver work. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry cards and work due Feb. 11. Write: Robert Collins, Box 97, Bryantville, Mass.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 5th National Print Exhibition, Mar. 19-Apr. 30. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Feb. 25. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Old Stone Mill, Center St., Clinton, N. J.

Douglaston, N. Y.: Art League of Long Island 1961 National Spring Exhibition, May 7-20. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, graphics, small sculpture and ceramics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Apr. 15. Write: Louise Gibala, c/o Art League of Long Island, 44-21 Douglaston Pkwy., Douglaston 63, N. Y.

Grand Forks, N. D.: 5th Annual North Dakota National Print Exhibition, University of North Dakota, Mar. 18-31. Open to all artists. Media: prints, drawings, small sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: Entry blanks and work due Mar. 15. Write: R. A. Nelson, Chrmn., Dept. of Art, University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, N. D.

Hartford, Conn.: Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts 51st Annual Exhibition, Wadsworth Atheneum, Mar. 4-Apr. 2. Open to all living artists. Media: oil, oil tempera, sculpture, intaglio, lithographic, planographic. Jury. Prizes. Fee: Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Louis J. Fusari, Box 204, Hartford 1, Conn.

Knoxville, Tenn.: Knoxville Art Center National Exhibition, Apr. 21-May 13. Open to all artists. All painting media. Jury. Prizes (\$2500 total). Fee: \$4. for 2 entries. Work due Mar. 31. Write: Kermit Ewing, Exhibition Chrmn., P. O. Box 10044, Knoxville, Tenn.

New York, N. Y.: American Watercolor Society 94th Annual Exhibition, National Academy Galleries, Apr. 6-23. Open to all artists. Media: water color, pastel. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Mar. 23. Write: Mina Kocherthaler, 124 W. 79th St., New York 23, N. Y.

Art Directions Gallery Quarterly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Shows, City Center of Music and Drama. Open to all artists. Medium: oil, Feb. Mar., Apr. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, City Center of Music and Drama, 58 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Knickerbocker Artists 14th Annual Exhibition, National Artists Club, Mar. 15-26. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Mar. 10. Write: Ann Kocsis, Secy., 327 W. 76th St., New York 23, N. Y.

National Society of Painters in Casein 7th Annual. Riverside Museum, March 5-26. Open to all artists. Casein paintings only. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Florian G. Kraner, Secy., 182 Bennett Ave., New York 40, N. Y.

"Recent Paintings U.S.A.: The Figure," Museum of Modern Art, Spring 1962. Open to all citizens or permanent residents of the U. S. Media: oil, plastic, tempera, casein, gouache. Only work done since January 1, 1958, is eligible. Entry cards due March 6, 1961. Write: Junior Council Painting Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.

Salon of the Fifty States, Ligoa Duncan Galerie, continuous monthly shows. Open to all artists residing in the U. S. All painting media. Jury. Winning entries shown in Paris. Fee: \$5 for one, \$8 for two works. Size limit 32 by 24 inches. Work due the 25th of month. Write: Ligoa Duncan Galerie, 215 E. 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

Oklahoma City, Okla.: Oklahoma Printmaker's Society 3rd National Exhibition, Oklahoma Art Center, Apr. 16-May 14. Open to all living artists of the U. S. Media: water color, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due Mar. 16, work due Feb. 23-Mar. 16. Write: Oklahoma Printmaker's Society, Box 10. Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

Philadelphia, Pa.: American Color Print Society 22nd Annual Exhibition, Print Club, Mar. 6-25. Open to all printmakers. All color print media. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards due Feb. 11, work due Feb. 14. Write: Caroline M. Murphy, 309 E. Highland Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.

Potsdam, N. Y.: National Print Exhibition, State University Teachers College, Apr. 15-May 15. Open to all artists in the U. S. All print media except monotypes. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Apr. 5. Write: Frank Nulf, Art Dept., State University College of Education, Potsdam, New York.

Providence, R. I.: Third Annual Rhode Island Arts Festival, on the Mall, May 21-31. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Applications due May 1. Write: Rhode Island Arts Festival, Box 421, Providence, R. I.

Rochester, N. Y.: 3rd Annual Religious Arts Festival, Central Presbyterian Church, Apr. 13-23. Open to all artists. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, enamel, mosaics, sculpture. Works should express or record a religious idea, activity or object. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. per work. Entry cards and work due Mar. 25. Write: Painting and Sculpture Competition, Religious Arts Festival, 50 Plymouth Ave. N., Rochester 14, N. Y.

San Francisco, Cal.: California Society of Etchers' 46th Annual Print Exhibition, Achenbach Foundation for Graphic Arts, May 13-June 11. Open to all U. S. artists. All graphics media except monotypes. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Apr. 10, work due Apr. 15. Write: Dennis Beall, Chairman, California Society of Etchers, 700 Goettingen St., San Francisco 24, Cal.

Springfield, Mass.: Academic Artists Association National Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, Mar. 12-Apr. 9. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, gouache, graphics, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. for one, \$5. for two entries. Entry cards and work due Mar. 1. Write: Mrs. F. M. Keefe, Box 93, Indian Orchard, Mass.

Springfield Art League Annual Spring Jury Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, May 28-June 25. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, gouache, prints, drawings, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. for non-members. Entry cards and work due May 16. Write: Muriel T. LaGasse, 463 Sunrise Terr., Springfield, Mass.

Tulsa, Okla.: National Competition of American Indian Painting and Sculpture, Philbrook Art Center, May 2-31. Open to all artists of North American Indian or Eskimo descent. Media: painting, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Work due Apr. 8. Write: Curator of Indian Art, Philbrook Art Center, 2727 S. Rockford, Tulsa, Okla.

Washington, D. C.: The Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Gravers Society 28th Annual Exhibition, National Collection of Fine Arts, May 7-28. Open to all artists. All Media. Size limit 8 by 10 inches. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Apr. 28. Write: Mary E. King, 1518 28th St. N. W., Washington 7, D. C.

Wichita, Kans.: Wichita Art Association 16th National Decorative Arts-Ceramic Exhibition, Apr. 15-May 22. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: jewelry, metalwork, ceramics, wood and stone sculpture, mosaic, glass and stained glass, enamel, textiles. Jury. Prizes (total \$2000.). Fee: \$4. Work due Mar. 1-14. Write: Maude C. Schollenberger, 40 N. Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kans.

Youngstown, Ohio: 26th Annual Mid Year Show, The Butler Institute of American Art, July 2-Sept. 4. Open to U. S. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due from May 1 to June 4. Write: Secy., The Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

Regional

Asheville, N. C.: Manor Gallery Regional Monthly Exhibitions. Open to artists within 100 miles of Asheville. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, ceramics. Jury. Work due first Saturday of month. Write: Bartlett Tracy, The Manor Gallery, Asheville, N. C.

Detroit, Mich.: Michigan Water Color Society 15th Annual Water Color Exhibition, Community Arts Gallery, May 7-21. Open to present and former Michigan resident water colorists. Medium: water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50 for 2 paintings for members, \$3.50 for each work for non-members. Entry cards and work due Mar. 20-24. Write: E. W. Scanes, Michigan Water Color Society, 281 McKinley, Grosse Pointe 36, Mich.

Douglaston, N. Y.: Art League of Long Island 6th Annual Senior Artists Exhibition, Mar. 19-Apr. 1. Open to artists at least 60 years of age residing throughout Long Island and greater New York. Media: oil, water color, pastel, casein, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due Mar. 11. Write: Louise Gibala, c/o Art League of Long Island, 44-21 Douglaston Pkwy., Douglaston 63, N. Y.

Huntington, L. I., N. Y.: Sixth Annual Show of the Huntington Township Art League, Heckscher Museum, Mar. 19-Apr. 15. Open to all artists residing or working on Long Island. Media: oil, water color, mixed, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Mar. 3. 4. Write: Mrs. Richard Wurtz, 33 Parkview Terr., Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

Huntington, W. Va.: 9th Annual Exhibition 18th, Huntington Galleries, April 23-May 28. Open to artists of W. Va. and those living within 180 miles of Huntington in Ohio and Ky. Media: oil, water color, prints, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards due March 29, work due April 2. Write: Huntington Galleries, Huntington, W. Va.

Louisville, Ky.: Art Center Annual, J. B. Speed Art Museum, Apr. 1-30. Open to residents of Ky. and Southern Ind. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Mar. 14. Write: Mrs. Nelle Peterson, 2111 S. First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

Montgomery, Ala.: Second Dixie Annual Exhibition, Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, Mar. 5-30. Allied Art Festival, Andalusia (Ala.), Apr. 7-9. Open to artists residing in Ala., Ga., La., Fla., Miss., Tenn., Va., S. C., N. C., Ark., Mo., Ky. and Tex. Media: drawing, prints, water color, gouaches completed since Jan. 1959. Limit three entries. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Work due Feb. 24. Write: The Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, Montgomery, Ala.

New Canaan, Conn.: 12th Annual New England Exhibit of Painting and Sculpture, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 18-July 16. Open to artists of Conn., Mass., N. H., N. Y., N. J., Pa., R. I., and Vt. All painting and sculpture media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5.00. Work due May 27 and 28. Write: Mrs. Ethel Margolies, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan, Conn.

Norwich, Conn.: Norwich Art Association 18th Annual Exhibition, Converse Art Gallery, Mar. 5-28. Open to Conn. artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Feb. 26. Write: Joseph P. Gualtieri, Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

Peoria, Ill.: Peoria Art Center 10th Annual Illinois Valley Exhibition of Painting, Apr. 30-May 23. Open to artists within a 100 mile radius of Peoria. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. per entry, limit 2 works. Entry cards and work due Apr. 23. Write: Mrs. Donald Beste, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

Phoenix, Ariz.: Phoenix Art Museum Third Annual Exhibition, Apr. 1-30. Open to all artists from Arizona. Media: painting, water color, drawing, sculpture, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50 per work. Entry cards and work due Mar. 1. Write: R. D. A. Puckle, Exhibition Chairman, Phoenix Art Museum, 1625 N. Central, Phoenix, Ariz.

Providence, R. I.: Kane Memorial Painting Exhibition, Providence Art Club, Mar. 12-31. Open to all New England artists. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. No Fee. Work due Mar. 1. Write: Mrs. Harold K. Roth, House Secy., 11 Thomas Street, Providence 3, R. I.

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January 1961

A Style for the Times

continued from page 21

able, though nonobjectivity is harder to make into a style, being rather an attitude. Nor are all the significant aspects of the situation covered, such as primitivism (which is clearly not scientific), or Surrealism and its adjacent phenomena which, if scientific, are of a vastly different kind.

Cubism in literature is established by Mr. Sypher, but it is not so certain that it is the only literature that has style properly so called. Stein, Joyce, Eliot, Pound, Sharp, Pirandello and Stevens are not all there is of the modern movement any more than Eisenstein is the only true artist of cinematic effects. The discussion of film montage is not, by the way, entirely clear or comprehensive. Mr. Sypher very properly finds his examples where they are, but they do not for that reason cover the whole situation or even constitute the only part of it worth inquiring into.

His conclusions are the very saddest part of a book which becomes increasingly gloomy as it proceeds. Art apparently has found style at last only when art "is about art," just as literature is about literature, and science, presumably, is only about science. If nothing is anything except in relation to everything else which is, at the same time, both insubstantial and in a state of flux, the world as we know it is in a fair way to dissolve. It will not *actually* dissolve (unless the atom eventually does this at our request), but man's thought of it will, and where then is man?

The account given in this book shows that the artists and writers worth consulting in Mr. Sypher's opinion, are shifting away from the living, moving, seeing, breathing creature man still is, to a realm where he has his being only in a complex world his mind has spun into existence through "thought." It is a pure world, purged of nature and consisting, in the end, of only that which artists say it consists of on the pattern of the world of electric particles and fields discovered by the scientists. Man is divorcing himself from himself to live where there is no air, no sight (in the usual sense), no successive time, no fixed position, no substantial mass, no common values. It may well be that this is the world a number of the most gifted individuals of our age have created, but they will have to become resigned to the fact that very few of the rest of us will be able, or care, to live there, even though we enjoy much of what they say about it. "The modern artist," says Mr. Sypher in conclusion, "can believe only in a reality having an infinity of profiles: profiles that appear only by accident and are constantly mobile. And . . . it may be that all these profiles will be 'devoured in space by light'—the light, perhaps, of twentieth-century destructions which are brighter than the sun?" This is, on sober second thought, very little indeed to believe in.

IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 63

more than thirty large works, mostly with a socio-religious concept. (Padawer, Jan. 10-Feb. 11.) . . . **Shivitz:** This is a show of square panels which are equally divided into two or three sections painted in tasteful hues; the results are severe, formal and uninteresting. (Angeleski, Jan. 2-17.) . . . **George Wexler:** A Cooper Union graduate merges a lyrical feeling for color and landscape with the familiar Expressionist technique; the small *Mayflower Heights* and *Cape Cod Bay No. 3*, in which bravura is limited by the size, present a colorful and unified study of woodland groves. (Angeleski, Feb. 6-27.) . . . **Richard Klix:** The twenty panels in oils are divided into two series, one of crowds and one of words; the content is secondary to the technique, which features frosting-like colors applied with a syringe. (Nonagon, Jan. 29-Feb. 22.)—H.D.M.

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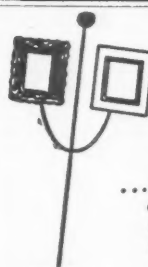
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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

ALBION, MICH.
STOCKWELL LIBRARY, Feb. 5-26: Karl Schrag Retrospective; Selected Student Work

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Feb. 1-28: Jacques Villon; Feb. 12-Mar. 19: Jerome Kramowski, Donald March, Leonard Zamirski; Mar. 1-31: Americans—A View from the East

ATLANTA, GA.
ART ASSOCIATION, to Feb. 21: Maxine Yalowitz; Feb. 13-Mar. 13: Joseph Stella; Feb. 20-Mar. 7: International Hallmark Art Award Exhibition; Feb. 28-Mar. 7: Cris Wolf; Mar. 5-25: Georges Rouault

BALTIMORE, MD.
WALTERS ART GALLERY, Feb. 15-Mar. 12: Thai Paintings; to Mar. 19: Gem Engraving in Greece and Rome

BATON ROUGE, LA.
OLD STATE CAPITOL, to Feb. 26: 12th Annual Louisiana Photographers Salon

BEAUMONT, TEX.
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 19-Mar. 19: 22nd Annual Texas Painting and Sculpture Exhibition

BELOIT, WISC.
WRIGHT ART CENTER, Feb. 4-26: 4th Annual Beloit and Vicinity Exhibition

BETHLEHEM, PA.
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, to Feb. 17: Painting and Sculpture Show

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM OF ART, Feb. 8-21: Lamar Dodd; Feb. 1-26: Civil War Photographs; Alabama Painters

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Feb. 13-Mar. 9: Agnes Yarnall; Mar. 13-25: John Batchelder

KANE, G.
Feb. 4-28: Robert Hamilton; Mar. 4-29: Gilbert Franklin

MIRSK, Feb. 2-22: Joseph Ablow
MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Italian Drawings; Feb. 1-Mar. 15: Amedeo Modigliani

NOVA, to Feb. 18: Frank Pearson; Feb. 21-Mar. 11: Peter Busa
SIEMBA, Feb. 1-28: Alfred Stieglitz; Feb. 13-Mar. 8: Ralph Gagnon

UNIVERSITY, Feb. 24-Mar. 18: Yasuo Kuniyoshi Retrospective

BRIGHTON, MASS.
HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Mar. 4-21: Contemporary Textiles and Crafts

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
HUNTER GALLERY OF ART, Feb.: Colonial Textiles; Feb. 1-28: John and Dorothy Hood Collection; Feb. 4-28: Grandma Moses; Mar. 3-30: View, 1960

CHICAGO, ILL.
ARTS CLUB, to Feb. 15: Smith College Loan Exhibition; Feb. 22-Mar. 25: Joan Miro, Arp

ART INSTITUTE, to Mar. 12: the Winter-
bath Collection; Toulouse-Lautrec Posters; to Feb. 26: Misch Kohn; Feb. 17-Apr. 2: The Arts of Denmark; Feb. 2: Tarih Kiyonaga; to Mar. 5: Syl Labrot

FEIGEN, Jan. 18-Feb. 5: George Grosz, Retrospective

CINCINNATI, OHIO
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 7-Aug. 31: Albert P. Strietman Collection

CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, to Feb. 22: Young America; Mar. 10-Apr. 20: Ladislav Sutnar, Jan Tschichold

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Cooper Union Drawing Exhibition; Mar. 7-Apr. 8: Ancient Art in Viet Nam

WISE GALLERY, to Feb. 18: Watercolors—
Barre, Colagno, Bertrand, Gillet; August Rodin; Feb. 20-Mar. 18: Piero Dorazio

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
FINE ARTS CENTER, Feb.: Former Faculty Members Exhibition; Edgar Brittain; to Feb. 26: Philip Evergood Retrospective

COLUMBUS, OHIO
GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Feb. 10-Mar. 9: German Expressionism

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, Feb. 6-24: Con-
temporaneous Italian Prints; Electronic Color Abstractions

CORAL GABLES, FLA.
LOWE ART GALLERY, to Feb. 26: Peruvian Art and Textiles; Feb. 7-26: Klara Farkas; Jacques Wolf; Mar. 5-19: Tony Scornavacca, Elaine Weinstein; Mar. 5-26: Piranesi Prints

DALLAS, TEX.
MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, Jan. 17-Feb. 12: Los Angeles Painting Since MacDonald-Wright

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to Feb. 19: 11th
Annual Southwestern Prints and Drawings Exhibition; Feb. 12-Mar. 12: African Sculpture; Feb. 15-Mar. 19: Art of the Dance

DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Feb. 12-Mar. 5: Graphics, Drawings and Prints by Contemporary Americans; Unique Impressions; Mar. 11-Apr. 5: Monet and the Giverny Group; Mar. 18-Apr. 16: Maud Rydin

DAYTON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, Feb. 18-Mar. 19: Artists of Southern Ohio, 1961; Mar. 7-Apr. 2: Sam Francis; Feb. 7-Mar. 5: Anna M. Smith

DECATUR, ILL.
ART CENTER, Feb. 5-26: Central Illinois Show; Mar. 5-26: Religion in Art

DENVER, COLO.
ART MUSEUM, to May 21: Western Image; Images of History; to Feb. 26: Young French Painters

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.
ART CENTER, Mar. 1-26: Early Drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec

GLASSBORO, N. J.
STATE COLLEGE, to Feb. 15: William Haupt; Feb. 11-26: Pachita Crespi; Mar. 1-14: Frederick Reiniger

GLENDAL, CAL.
BRAND LIBRARY, Feb.: Print Makers Society of California Print Exhibit 3

GREENCASTLE, IND.
DEPAUW UNIVERSITY ART CENTER, Feb. 5-Mar. 1: 11th Annual Putnam County Art League Exhibition; Feb. 6-27: Twenty American Paintings

GREENSBORO, N. C.
WOMAN'S COLLEGE, Feb.: Carlotta Corpan; Feb. 18-Mar. 4: Scholastic Art Award Exhibition

GREENSBURG, PA.
WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM, to Feb. 22: Recent Acquisitions; Thomas Quirk

GREENVILLE, S. C.
BOB JONES UNIVERSITY, Feb. 12-Mar. 5: Nikolay Nikolena

HAMSBURG, GERMANY
KUNSTVEREIN, Feb.: Lyonel Feininger

HARRISBURG, PA.
HISTORICAL & MUSEUM COMMISSION, to Feb. 15: Americans—A View from the East

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to Feb. 19: The Twin Meet—Art of the Orient

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., N. Y.
HOFSTRA, Feb. 13-24: 12th Annual

HOUSTON, TEX.
MUSEUM, Jan. 21-Mar. 12: Knights and Arms; Feb. 2-Mar. 1: Rene Magritte in America

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
HUNTINGTON GALLERIES, Feb. 5-Mar. 5: Tri-State Artists; Feb. 12-Mar. 5: Joseph Low

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
JOHN HERRON ART MUSEUM, Feb. 5-26: Old Master Drawings; Feb. 12-Mar. 12: Contemporary Midwest Sculpture

KANSAS CITY, MO.
NELSON GALLERY, Mar. 1-27: Prints by Munakata

KINGS PARK, N. Y.
SUNKEN MEADOW FOUNDATION, to Feb. 24: Nathaniel Poussette-Dart

LAFAYETTE, IND.
PURDUE UNIVERSITY, to Feb. 12: American Art Nouveau Posters

LA JOLLA, CAL.
ART CENTER, Feb. 8-Mar. 5: Ellis Jacobson; Mar. 2-26: Annual Art Center Membership Exhibition

LONDON, ENGLAND
ARTHUR TOOTH, Mar. 15-Apr. 2: Paul Jenkins

GIMPEL FILS, Contemporary British; 19th
& 20th Century French

WADDINGTON, Feb.: McWilliams

LONG BEACH, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, Feb. 5-26: 9th Annual Long Beach Juried Exhibition

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
COUNTY MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Rococo; to Mar. 5: Art Nouveau

DWAN GALLERY, Feb. 6-Mar. 4: Larry
Rivers

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to Mar. 5: California
Society of Etchers 45th Annual; Mar. 14-Apr. 9: Cross Section/1961—San Francisco/Los Angeles

ROBLES GALLERY, Feb.: Fred Reichman;
Mar.: Trevor Bell, Hilary Heron, Roland Peterson

TOWER GALLERY, to Feb. 26: California
Art Club; Feb. 28-Mar. 26: Association of Women in Architecture

LUBECK, GERMANY
OVERBECK-GESELLSCHAFT, Feb. 5-Mar. 5: English Prints; Fernand Leger

MADISON, N. J.
DREW UNIVERSITY, Feb. 19-Mar. 12: Selected American Paintings, 1825-1925

FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON UNIVERSITY, Feb. 1-21: Herbert MacDonald; Liba Bayrak;

Feb. 1-28: Summit Art Association Amateur Group Show; Feb. 22-Mar. 14: Adolf Konrad; Don Bloom

MAITLAND, FLA.
RESEARCH STUDIO, Feb.: Helen Gerardia

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Feb.: Contemporary French Tapestries; 17th Century Glass; Hawaiian and Polynesian Art

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.
MARBLE ARCH GALLERY, Feb. 15-Mar. 31: Chaim Gross

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART CENTER, to Feb. 19: Prints by Munakata; to Feb. 26: Exotic Art; Feb. 23-Apr. 2: Aaron Bohrod; Mar. 2-Apr. 2: Famous Likenesses

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE, to Feb. 26: Faculty Show; Ritter, Thrall, Hohlwein, Purda

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INSTITUTE OF ARTS, to Mar. 5: Berthe Morisot; to Mar. 1: Architectural Drawings; to Mar. 6: Japanese Paintings and Prints

WALKER ART CENTER, to Feb. 19: Con-
struction and Geometry in Painting; Purist Painting; Feb. 5-Mar. 5: Edward Weston

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 19: Arts of the Pacific Islands; Feb. 26-Mar. 26: Hina Matsuri; to Mar. 26: Permanent Collection

MONTGOMERY, ALA.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Feb. 4-28: 19th Century Southern Portraits; Mar. 5-30: 2nd Dixie Annual Exhibition

MONTREAL, CANADA
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Feb.: Norton Collection

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.
GALLERY TEN, to Feb. 18: Victor Millonzi; Harold Witherspoon

MUNICH, GERMANY
HAUS DER KUNST, Mar. 1-26: Marzotto Prize Winners; Mar. 17-May 22: Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

MUSKEGON, MICH.
HACKLEY ART GALLERY, Mar. 7-28: Contemporary French Tapestries

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, to Feb. 19: 20th Century American Sculpture; Feb.: 18th Century Portraits; from Feb. 16: 19th Century Master Drawings; from Mar. 2: Alaska and Hawaii

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
ROSS-TALALAY GALLERY, Feb. 8-Mar. 7: Willi Hartung; Mar. 8-Apr. 4: Robert Birnstein

NEW HOPE, PA.
GALLERY TEN, Feb. 4-Mar. 4: The Figure, John, Angela, Castellan, De Night, London, Paone, Shure, Smith, Utescher

NEW LONDON, CONN.
ALLYN MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Abbot Thayer Retrospective; Feb. 26-Mar. 26: American Landscape 1790-1890

NORMAN, OKLA.
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Feb. 19-Mar. 12: Young Talent in Oklahoma

OAKLAND, CAL.
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 5-26: Japanese Ceramics from Ancient to Modern Times

PARIS, FRANCE
DENISE RENE, Feb. 17-Mar. 17: Mortensen

FURSTENBERG, Feb. 7-25: Jochens

INSTITUT PEDAGOGIQUE NATIONAL, to Mar. 5: International Exhibit of Art by the Mentally Retarded

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, to Feb. 26: 156th Annual Exhibition; Mar. 11-Apr. 9: Annual Fellowship Exhibition of Paintings Sculpture and Graphics

ART ALLIANCE, to Feb. 22: Philadelphia
Italian-American Painters; to Feb. 15: Jason Schoener; to Feb. 19: Young Illustrators; Feb. 9-Mar. 5: Elizabeth Osborne; to Feb. 15: Adrian Siegel; Feb. 20-Mar. 12: Central European Sculpture; M. C. Escher; Feb. 2-Mar. 3: Neil Blaine

NEWMAN GALLERIES, to Feb. 26: Francis
Stark; Oliver Nuse; Feb. 17-Mar. 12: Ranulph Bye; Mar. 3-25: Nicola Simbari

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
ART MUSEUM, Feb.: Chinese Art; French Masterpieces; Lou Davis; Ed Handler; Mar.: Remington & Russell Show; John Swope; European Expressionists

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to Feb. 12: Japanese Color Prints; to Feb. 19: Albright Art Gallery Collection; to Feb. 26: Robert L. Lepper; Feb. 13-Mar. 19: Paul Klee

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
STATE UNIVERSITY, Mar. 1-22: Thomas Rowlandson

PRINCETON, N. Y.
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 8-Mar. 5: Recent Acquisitions; Feb. 15-Mar. 5: E. T. DeWald, G. Rowley

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Feb. 19: The World of Dada; Feb. 5-Mar. 12: Dynamic Symmetry

RALEIGH, N. C.
NORTH CAROLINA MUSEUM OF ART, Feb. 19-Mar. 26: Francis Speight Retrospective

REDWOOD CITY, CAL.
SAN MATEO LIBRARY, Mar.: Print Makers Society of California Print Show I

ROCKFORD, ILL.
ROCKFORD COLLEGES GALLERY, to Feb. 18: Student Exhibition; Feb. 19-Mar. 18: Paul Wiegardt; Nalli Barry Mar. 19-Apr. 22: Herbert Pannier; Andre Owens

ROSWELL, N. M.
MUSEUM AND ART CENTER, Feb. 5-Mar. 3: Toas Artists' Exhibit

ROWAYTON, CONN.
FIVE MILE RIVER GALLERY, Jan. 21-Feb. 15: Prints and Primitives

ST. LOUIS, MO.
CITY ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Treasures from St. Louis Collections; to Feb. 19: Religious Art; The Artist in his Studio

ST. PAUL, MINN.
GALLERY AND SCHOOL OF ART, Feb. 16-Mar. 14: Twin City Area Artists

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
MARION KOOGLER McNAY ART INSTITUTE, Feb.: John Guerin; from Feb. 7: The French Tradition

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
FINE ARTS GALLERY, Feb. 3-26: Contemporary Greek Art

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BOLLES GALLERY, to Feb. 11: Discovery-Mexico; Feb. 15-Mar. 20: New Work from Italy—Painting and Sculpture

DE YOUNG MUSEUM, Feb.: Morris Broder-
son; Feb. 15-Mar. 15: Gandhara Sculpture

GUAMP, Feb. 3-28: Noriko Yamamori

MUSEUM OF ART, to Feb. 19: Alberto
Garcia Alvarez

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Mar. 12: 200 years of American Art; to Feb. 12: Russian Icons; European Art before 1800

SANTA FE, N. M.
MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO, Feb.: Permanent Collection

SANTA PAULA, CAL.
BLANCHARD LIBRARY, Mar.: Print Makers Society of California Exhibit III

SARASOTA, FLA.
RINGLING MUSEUM, Mar. 4-Apr. 2: 17th Century Neapolitan Paintings

SCRANTON, PA.
EVERHART MUSEUM, Feb. 1-28: H. A. Lindig

SEATTLE, WASH.
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 9-Mar. 5: Northwest Printmakers 32nd International; Harold Wahli; to Feb. 26: 1960 Accessions; Mar. 9-Apr. 2: Contemporary Ecclesiastical Exhibition; Sara Roby Collection; Easter Exhibit; Peter Faldes; Harry Bonath; William Cumming; Philip McCracken

FRYE MUSEUM, Feb. 7-22: Puget Sound
Area Exhibition; Feb. 23-Mar. 15: International Posters; Mar. 16-31: A Corporation Collects

SELIGMAN GALLERY, Feb.: Windsor Ulmer

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
ART CENTER, Feb. 8-Mar. 8: Area Artist Show; Mar. 12-Apr. 2: Everett Sprout Retrospective

SOUTH BEND, IND.
ART CENTER, Feb. 5-19: Northern Indiana Artists; Mar. 12-Apr. 2: 2nd Biennial

MICHIGANA, Local Art Exhibition

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Feb.: Young Talent Show; to Feb. 26: Kuniyoshi Centennial Memorial Exhibition; Mar. 12-Apr. 9: Academic Artists Association Exhibit

SMITH ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 26: Customs
of Japan; Feb. 5-26: Haley-Haley; Mar. 5-26: The Little International

SPRINGFIELD, MO.
ART MUSEUM, Feb. 5-28: Yousuf Karsh

STOCKTON, CAL.
HAGGIN ART GALLERY, Feb.: Print Makers Society of California Print Exhibit II

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
EVERSON MUSEUM, to Feb. 26: Sculpture & Graphics; Mar. 4-12: Sculpture Art Award Exhibit; Mar. 18-Apr. 9: 15th Syracuse Regional Exhibition

TOLEDO, OHIO
MUSEUM OF ART, to Feb. 26: 17th Century French Art; from Mar. 5: Prints in Sequence

TORONTO, CANADA
ART GALLERY, Feb. 10-Mar. 12: Vincent Van Gogh; Mar. 17-Apr. 16: Ontario Society of Artists

TULSA, OKLA.
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Feb. 7-28: Harwood Purchase Fund Exhibition; Collections Group; Mar. 7-31: Albert Black; Paintings by Young Africans

URBANA, ILL.
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, Feb. 26-Apr. 2: Illinois Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting; American Crafts; Photographers; Contemporary Architecture

UTICA, N. Y.
MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTITUTE, to Feb. 28: 24th Annual Artists of Central New York Exhibition; Mar. 15-Apr. 30: Philip Evergood; Mar. 21-May 15: Exotic Art, Ancient and Primitive

WASHINGTON, D. C.
NATIONAL GALLERY, to Feb. 12: Civil War Drawings and Water Colors

PHILLIPS GALLERY, Feb. 5-27: Lee Gatch

Print Making
Show I
to Feb. 19:
Mar. 19-Apr.
Owens
R, Feb. 5-Mar.
Jan. 21-Feb.
12: Treasures
to Feb. 19:
his Studio
ART, Feb. 16:
Y ART INST:
from Feb. 7:
3-26: Con-
11: Discovery-
new Work from
re
Morris Broder,
thara Sculpture
Yomamoto
10: 19: Alberto
12: 200 years
12: Russian
1800
CO, Feb. 19:
Print Making
it III
4-Apr. 2: 17h
1-28: H. M.
5: Northwe
national; Harv
accessions; Ma
sculptural ex
Extension; East
y Bonath; Wil
racken
Puget Sound
Mar. 15: Inter-
31: A Corpora
Windsor Ully
8: Area Artists
Everett Spru
northern Indian
2nd Biennial
tion
Feb. 28: Young
Tolmashov Cente
Mar. 12-Apr. 30:
on Exhibit
Feb. 26: Custom
ry-Haley; Mar
al
Yousif Karsh
Print Making
Exhibition II
Feb. 26: Wood-
Mar. 4-12: Sals
Mar. 18-Apr. 1:
hibition
20: 17th Cen-
Mar. 5: Prints in
Mar. 12: Vincent
16: Ontario So-
Feb. 7-28: Mu-
tion; Collectors
Black; Paint
Feb. 26-Apr.
Contemporary
an Crafts; Scul-
ary Architecture
OR INSTITUTE
Artists of Central
Mar. 15-Apr. 30:
May 15: Exotic
Feb. 12: Chri-
Colors
5-27: Lee Gath

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
NORTON GALLERY, Feb. 2-26: U Koye School; Feb. 5-17: Rena Youngman; Feb. 19-Mar. 3: Wallace Smith
WIESBADEN, GERMANY
STADTISCHES MUSEUM, Mar. 24-June 10: Modern Yugoslav Art
WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
COLLEGE OF WILLIAM & MARY, Feb.: Helen Gerardi
WILMINGTON, DEL.
DELAWARE ART CENTER, to Feb. 19: Alexander Calder, A. Stirling Calder, A. Milne Calder
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO
ANTIOCH COLLEGE, Feb. 1-28: Bazaar Paintings from Calcutta
MUSEUMS
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (79th at C.P.W.), Jan. 15-Apr. 9: Charles E. Knight
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), Jan. 16-Feb. 16: Contemporary Paintings and Drawings; Feb. 7-Mar. 19: Masters of Contemporary Crafts
TEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Feb. 17-Mar. 12: Mariska Karasz, Katherine Choy
COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Jan. 27-Feb. 18: Artists Craftsmen of New York and Annual
GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), Feb. 7-Apr. 30: Paintings from the Arensburg and Gallatin Collection of the Philadelphia Museum
JEWISH MUSEUM (1109 5th at 92), to Feb. 28: National Civil War Centennial
METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Jan. 11-Feb. 19: Art Treasures of Thailand; Mar. 2-Apr. 30: Italian Drawings; Mar. 8-Apr. 30: French Art of the 17th Century
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), to Feb. 12: Recent Acquisitions; Jan. 18-Mar. 12: Mark Rothko; Mar. 1-May 7: Max Ernst
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN (1083 5th), Feb. 23-Mar. 19: National Academy Annual
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), Feb. 1-Apr. 30: Civil War
PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), Feb. 14-May 8: Art Styles of the Popuan Gulf
RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr. at 103), Jan. 8-Feb. 26: Tibetan Thangka; Far Eastern Art Objects; Selections from the American Collection; Mar. 5-26: National Society of Painters in Casein
STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS & SCIENCES (75 Shuysent Pl.), Feb. 12-Apr. 2: Italian Master Drawings from the Collection of Janos Scholz
WHITNEY MUSEUM (22 W. 54), Jan. 25-Feb. 28: The Precisionist View in American Art; Feb. 22-Apr. 2: Maurice Prendergast
Galleries
A. C. A. (63 E. 57), Feb. 6-25: Sylvia Caraway; Feb. 27-Mar. 8: Ben-Zion Aegis (70 E. 12), Feb. 2-Mar. 1: Francis Jennings
ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Robert Knipschild; Feb. 13-Mar. 4: William Brice; Mar. 6-25: New York II
ANDERSON (32 E. 69), Jan. 28-Feb. 23: Sam Francis, lithographs
ANGELESKI (1044 Mad. at 79), Feb. 6-21: George Wexler; Feb. 22-Mar. 11: Tharrats
AREA (80 E. 10), Jan. 27-Feb. 16: Peter Downsbrough; Feb. 17-Mar. 9: Vincent Longo
ARKEP (171 W. 29), Jan. 28-Feb. 24: Joshua Epstein
ART DIRECTIONS (600 Mad. at 56), Feb. 1-24: Gallery Group
ARTISTS' (853 Lex. at 64), Jan. 14-Feb. 1: Nine Painters
ARTZ (142 W. 57), Feb. 3-14: Harry Farber; Feb. 8-20: Strax, Roby-White; Feb. 15-28: Mark Freeman; Feb. 21-Mar. 4: Gallery Artists
ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS (605 5th), Jan. 23-Feb. 18: Alexander Dobkin; Feb. 13-Mar. 4: Yasu Mori; Feb. 20-Mar. 11: Gerson Leibor
BARCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Dan Wingren
BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 31-Feb. 23: William Brown; Feb. 28-Mar. 25: Alberto Moracco
BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Feb. 6-18: Yela Brichte
BAYER (51 E. 80), to Feb. 15: Rodin
BIANCHINI (16 E. 78), Feb. 1-25: Young American and European Painters
BODLEY (223 E. 60), Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Priscilla Peck; Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Samuel Z. Orgel; Feb. 6-25: Herman Axelrod; Feb. 13-Mar. 4: Clement Hassan; Feb. 20-Mar. 4: Charlotte Howard
BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Jimmy Ernst; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Walt Kahn
BRATA (56 3rd), Jan. 27-Feb. 16: Wilhelmina Van Ness; Feb. 17-Mar. 9: Goya Lukich
BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), Feb. 12-Mar. 4: Contemporary Group
BURR (115 W. 53), Feb. 12-25: Mary Johnson, June Hildebrand; Patricia McDold; Feb. 26-Mar. 10: Mildred Highlands;

Bonnie Benschneider
CAMINO (89 E. 10), Jan. 27-Feb. 16: Alice Forman, Jan Henry; Feb. 17-Mar. 9: Florence Weinstein
CARAVAN (132 E. 65), Feb. 1-28: Katherine Young, photographs
CARMEL (82 E. 10), Jan. 27-Feb. 15: Henrietta Schoppel; Feb. 17-Mar. 8: Robert Ridley
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Feb.: French and American Artists
CARUS (243 E. 82), Feb. 3-17: Irving Amen; Feb. 21-Mar. 7: Shevet
CASTELLANE (19 E. 76), from Feb. 14: Robert Goodman
CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Jan. 31-Feb. 25: Frederick Kiesler; Feb. 28-Mar. 18: Jack Tworok
CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), Feb.-Mar.: Cesar Domela
CHASE (31 E. 64), Feb.: Contemporary American and European Paintings
COBER (14 E. 69), Feb. 7-25: Jacob Landau; Mar. 1-18: Eskimo Art
COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Feb. 6-25: Franz Kline
COMERFORD (117 E. 57), Jan. 20-Feb. 10: Gyula Zilzer
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Yugoslavian Tomb Rubbings; Feb. 13-Mar. 4: Roy Mayer
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), Jan. 30-Feb. 17: Aristides Stavrolakes; Feb. 20-Mar. 10: Gallery Group Retrospective
CORDIER-WARREN (978 Mad. at 76), Feb. 2-25: Matta
CRESPI (1153 Mad. at 85), Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture
D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 83), Feb.: Surrealists in the Primitive Arts
DAVIS (231 E. 60), Feb. 6-25: David Levine; Feb. 27-Mar. 18: American Landscapes
DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Feb. 21-Mar. 18: Jose Bartoli
DEUTSCH (1018 Mad. at 79), Original Prints and Drawings
DELCORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Feb. 15-Mar. 15: Secrets of the Tomb
DE NAGY (149 E. 72), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Timothy Hennessy
DONNELL LIBRARY ART CENTER (20 W. 53), Feb. 1-28: Photo Maxima IV
DUNCAN (215 E. 82), to Feb. 10: Marion; to Feb. 17: Neal Forsling; Feb. 18-Mar. 3: David Carnahan; Feb. 11-Mar. 3: Heinzinger; Feb. 1-14: Junichi Jo; Feb. 14-Mar. 16: Kerouand; Feb. 13-25: Schlegel; DUO (42 E. 76), Feb. 13-25: Group Drawing Show; Feb. 27-Mar. 17: Patsy Breiling
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Jan. 31-Feb. 25: Juxtapositions
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Feb.: The Three Marys-Gothic Tapestry
EGAN (313 E. 79), Feb.-Mar.: Elias Goldberg
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Edmund E. Niemann; Feb. 13-25: Soto
EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Theodoros Stamos; Feb. 14-Mar. 11: Hassel Smith; Mar. 11-Apr. 1: Kenneth Noland
ESTE (965a Mad. at 76), Feb. 1-28: Shiele, Klime, Dolbin
F. A. R. (746 Mad. at 65), to Feb. 11: Picasso; graphics; Mar. 6-18: Friedlander
FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Feb. 15-Mar. 4: Zero Mostel
FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Roger Barr
FINDLAY (11 E. 57), Feb. 6-25: Masters of the French School
FRIED (40 E. 68), Jan. 18-Feb. 18: Group
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), Feb.: Theodore Halkin
FULTON (61 Fulton St.), Feb.: Marie Alexander
FURMAN (46 E. 80), Feb.: New Acquisitions-Pre-Columbian, African, Oceanic
GALLERY (200 E. 59), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Jack Perlmuter
GERSON (41 E. 57), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Gerhard Marcks
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Feb. 1-Mar. 11: Edwin Dickinson; Mar. 1-Apr. 8: Perle Fine
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Feb. 7-25: James Grant; Mar. 4-23: Byron Browne
GREAT JONES (5 Gr. Jones St.), Jan. 17-Feb. 12: Paul Georges
GREEN (15 W. 57), Feb. 7-Mar. 4: Felix Passilis
HAHN (611 Mad. at 58), Feb. 7-Mar. 4: Nicholas De Stael
HALL OF ART (534 Mad. at 54), Feb.: Contemporary American and Europeans
HAMMER (51 E. 57), Feb. 21-Mar. 4: Venard
HARTERT (22 E. 57), Feb.: American & French Paintings
HELLER (63 E. 57), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Alex Redein; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Dan Purdy
HERBERT (14 E. 69), Feb. 1-28: Spanish and Latin American Artists
HICKS ST. (48 Hicks St.), Jan. 29-Feb. 18: Group; Feb. 19-Mar. 10: Chet Kalm
HIGHGATE (827 3rd at 51), Jan. 25-Feb. 21: Herbert MacDonald; Feb. 22-Mar. 15: Louis Spindler

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Feb. 15-Mar. 11: Artists at Pont Aven
HUDSON GUIDO (436 W. 27), Jan. 18-Feb. 8: C. Aikman, R. Burckhardt, L. Vernorelli, H. DeMott, E. Hacker
HUITION (41 E. 57), Jan. 31-Feb. 28: Contemporary American and European Artists
INTERNATIONAL ART (55 W. 55), Feb. 2-11: Group; Feb. 13-22: Group; Feb. 23-Mar. 4: Group
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82), Jan. 31-Feb. 12: Michael Myrosh; Feb. 14-27: Richard Ahnholz
IOLAS (123 E. 55), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Priem, Samara; Feb. 20-Mar. 11: Tanning; Mar. 14-30: Brauner, Magritte
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Jan. 17-Feb. 11: Katherine Schmidt; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Richard Olney
JACKSON (32 E. 69), Jan. 21-Feb. 18: Larry Rivers, sculpture; Feb. 14-Mar. 11: John Hultberg
JAMES (70 E. 12), Jan. 20-Feb. 16: Group; Feb. 17-Mar. 9: Dorothy Eisner
JANIS (15 E. 57), Feb. 13-Mar. 11: Philip Guston
JUSTER (154 E. 79), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Keith Martin
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Feb. 1-25: James Thrall Soby Collection
KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Gerard Schneider; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Raymond Parker; Mar. 7-25: Hans Hofmann
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Feb. 13-25: Mopurgo, Cordier, Tomas; Feb. 27-Mar. 11: Joseph Bricker
KRASNER (1061 Mad. at 81), Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Yania Fain; Feb. 13-Mar. 4: Fred Garbers; Mar. 6-25: Robert Marx
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Walter Feldman; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Water Colors, Gouaches, Pastels by American Artists; Mar. 6-25: Ralph Dubin
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Feb. 6-28: Maurice Sievar
LATOW (13 E. 63), Jan. 17-Feb. 15: John Little
LEFEBRE (47 E. 77), Feb. 7-22: Martin Barre; Feb. 23-Mar. 11: Pierre Courtin
LIGHTING GROUP (216 3rd at 18), Jan. 27-Feb. 22: Stanley Howard
LOEB (12 E. 57), Feb. 1-29: Contemporary French Artists; Mar. 1-Apr. 1: Bernard Dufau
LOVISO (167 E. 37), Jan. 13-Feb. 11: Group; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Vadecky
MADISON (600 Mad. at 56), Jan. 28-Feb. 10: Phyllis McLean
MARISHA (53 St. Marks Pl.), Feb. 10-Mar. 2: Group
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Jerome Kamrowski; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Kurilko
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Jan. 9-Feb. 11: Group; Feb. 28-Mar. 25: Carlo Nangeroni
MI CHOU (801 Mad. at 67), Jan. 31-Feb. 25: Hsia Yan
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Feb. 7-25: 29th Anniversary Group; Feb. 28-Mar. 18: Henry Koerner
MILCH (21 E. 67), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Jerri Ricci
MONDE (929 Mad. at 74), Feb. 7-28: Gino Bigarini
MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Feb. 1-18: Lucien Day; Feb. 20-Mar. 4: Gallery Artists
NATIONAL ARTS CENTER (15 Gramercy Pl.), Jan. 27-Feb. 13: Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club
NESSLER (718 Mad. at 64), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Robert J. Lee; Feb. 20-Mar. 11: Raymond Whyte
NEW (50 E. 78), Feb. 5-18: Kandinsky
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Feb.: Kaethe Kollwitz
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Feb.: Selections from the Gallery's Collection
NEW MASTERS (19 E. 69), Feb. 6-Mar. 4: Jehuith Sabel
NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), Jan. 17-Feb. 24: Recent Drawings by New York Artists
N. Y. CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS (28 E. 72), Feb.: New Acquisitions
NONAGON (99 E. 2nd at 6), Jan. 29-Feb. 22: Richard Klix; Feb. 24-Mar. 17: Sculpture Survey
NORDESS (831 Mad. at 69), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: O. Louis Guglielmi; Feb. 21-Mar. 11: American Artists Paint Artists
OLD PRINT CENTER (161 E. 52), to Feb. 20: Piranesi and other 18th and 19th Century Italian Engravings; Feb. 20-Apr. 30: A Graphic History of the Civil War through Old Prints
PADAWER (112 4th at 12), Jan. 9-Feb. 12: Rema Brindesi
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Jan. 30-Feb. 11: Adrian, Robert Lawrence; Feb. 13-25: Susan Alexander; Feb. 27-Mar. 11: Salvatore Casa, Edwin Flemming
PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Feb. 7-25: Nanno De Groot; Feb. 28-Mar. 18: Albert Radoczy
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Thomas Sillis; Feb. 20-Mar. 11: Alfonso Ossorio
PERIODOT (820 Mad. at 68), Jan. 23-Feb. 18: Jason Berger; Feb. 20-Mar. 18: Tobias Schneebaum
PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Jan. 10-Feb. 18: Trends of the Twenties in the School of

Paris; Feb. 21-Apr. 1: Calder, Miro
PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), Jan. 27-Feb. 16: William Fellicone; Feb. 17-Mar. 9: Earl Miller
PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Feb. 1-14: Albert Pontelli; Feb. 15-28: Edward Koehler
POINDEXTER (21 E. 56), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Takai; Feb. 20-Mar. 11: Herman Cherry
RADICH (818 Mad. at 68), Feb. 7-Mar. 4: Henry Pearson
REHN (36 E. 61), Feb. 6-28: Denny Winters
ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Feb. 6-Mar. 1: Bernard Rosenquit
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Feb. 6-Mar. 4: Karl Knaths; Mar. 6-Apr. 1: Harvey Weiss
SAGITTARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Jan. 30-Feb. 11: De Duren; Feb. 13-25: Mason Pierce; Feb. 27-Mar. 12: Federico Righi
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Jan. 17-Feb. 11: David Mare; Feb. 14-Mar. 25: Andre Masson Retrospective
ST. ETIENNE (24 W. 57), Feb.: Shiele, Klime, Kokoschka, Kubin
SALPETER (42 E. 57), Feb. 7-28: Jacques Hnizdovsky
SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Jan. 23-Feb. 18: Contemporary European Sculpture; Feb. 20-Mar. 18: Contemporary European Painting
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Feb.: Modern French Paintings
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS (209 E. 23), Feb. 27-Mar. 17: Instructors' Exhibition
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Feb.: 19th & 20th Century American and French
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), Feb.: Group
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Sidney Wolfson; Feb. 21-Mar. 11: Sasson Soffer
SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Feb.: Tribal Art of West Central Africa
SEIFERHELD (158 E. 64), Feb.: Bassano Drawings
SELECTED ARTISTS (903 Mad. at 72), Jan. 31-Feb. 10: Michael Schreck; Feb. 14-25: Helen Wolf; Feb. 26-Mar. 11: Ivan Biro
SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), Feb. 11-28: Kahil Gibran; Katherine Nash; Fred Powell; David Newman
SHERMAN (306 E. 72), Feb. 11-28: Miriam G. Burdall; Mar. 4-21: Janice Breinin; Augusta Kelley
SHOWCASE ART GALLERY (269 Gunhill Rd.), Through Mar.: Brush and Palette Society
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Feb. 1-Mar. 15: Persian and Indian Miniatures from the 15th-18th Century
SMALL (8 E. 75), Feb. 2-Mar. 2: The Ancients; Arts of Mexico, Africa
STABLE (33 E. 74), Jan. 24-Feb. 11: Nora Steyer
STAEMPLI (47 E. 77), Jan. 31-Feb. 18: Fritz Koenig; Feb. 21-Mar. 11: Joan Brown
STUTTMAN (13 E. 75), Feb. 7-Mar. 4: Hubert Long; Mar. 7-Apr. 4: Adolph Fleischmann
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Jose Echave; Feb. 20-Mar. 11: Lucner Lazard
TANAGER (90 E. 10), Feb. 3-23: Lynn Drescel; Feb. 24-Mar. 16: Laderman, Schloss, Campbell
TEN-FOUR GROUP (73 4th at 10), Jan. 17-Feb. 14: Unlimited Dimensions; Feb. 17-Mar. 17: Ray Schultz
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Feb.: Definition is Wonder
TODD (25 Barrow St.), Jan. 17-Feb. 18: Blanche Small
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
TRABIA (14 E. 95), Feb. 1-18: Raffaele Castello
TWO EXPLORERS (329 E. 47), Feb. 6-24: Robert Angeloch
VALENTE (119 W. 57), to Feb. 12: 25 Americans
VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), Feb. 17-Mar. 8: Noor Zade Brenner
VERCEL (23 E. 63), Feb.: French Headliners of Tomorrow
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove), Feb. 6-23: Mid Season Sculpture, Drawing and Graphic Exhibition
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Jan. 17-Feb. 11: Jack Smith
WALKER (117 E. 57), Mar.: Portraits by Willard Cummings
WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), Jan. 30-Feb. 18: Jim Brennan; Feb. 20-Mar. 25: Jacob Epstein
WEHSE (794 Lex. at 61), Feb. 13-Mar. 4: Monotypes
WHITE (42 E. 57), Jan. 24-Feb. 18: Jan Gelb; Feb. 21-Mar. 11: Edward Conyell
WILSTEIN (19 E. 64), Jan. 12-Feb. 11: Andre Beaupaire
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Jan. 31-Feb. 25: David Hayes
WISE (50 W. 57), Feb. 7-Mar. 4: John Grillo
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 15-Feb. 15: Hansen Bahia
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Feb. 28-Apr. 1: Max Ernst
ZABRISKIE (36 E. 61), Jan. 23-Feb. 11: Lester Johnson; Feb. 13-Mar. 4: Leland Bell

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